Violin and Piano Duet

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Violin and Piano Duet

by Everlastingevanesce

Summary

You can let trauma do two things to you. Let you grow, or forever wound you. Dee has to make this choice now.

Chapter 1: Join what?

Chapter 1: Another Typical Day

Lif and Dee were casually walking together after school. It had been another typical day. Paperwork, listen to boring lectures, have heavy yapping in their ear.

“Dee, what do you think dad’s gonna cook for dinner tonight?!” Heavy happily exclaims while Dee just sighs. Lif grins.

“Oooo, I know I don’t reside with you guys, but dinner really does sound yummy right now! Hmm…” Lif’s red orbs nod off into the distance. Her fingers suddenly resting against her chin. Those beautiful red orbs and curiosity makes Dee’s heart flutter. Soon it’s an incoherent mess.

“Uh.. di…. Dinner… who knows what’s for dinner— uh…yeah..” Dee was a stammering mess already! Lif a bit oblivious to It. Heavy grins and nudged his brother who glares at him.

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It didn’t take any much longer for them to arrive at Lif’s house. Lif digs in her bags for her keys, grabbing the skull keychain first, which were connected to an odd old fashion key. They still make those types of doors? She inserts her key into the door before turning to Heavy and Dee.

“Thanks for walking me home! See you guys tomorrow! Oh- and please text me Dee!”

She went inside without further discussion. Heavy grins wide! “Bye lif!” He turns and began to walk. Dee couldn’t say much. His face is red. Lif wants HIM to text her?!? Dee couldn’t be much anymore happier. Sure they’re already been texting here and there- but nothing beats this.

Dee loved to another extent of no other.

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“We’re home!” Dee calls out as soon as they walked through the front door.

Dee and Heavy arrive home. Glam hasn’t begun cooking dinner yet… it is only 4:20. His father would still be working on paperwork in his office, Dee thought. Victoria was at work at the car shop. Or whatever. Heavy was already kicking off his shoes, putting his keys on the peg, and running off to his room. Dee merely puts his key on the peg, and began to walk off to his room as well.

As soon as he reached his room, he took off his boots. They were comfortable when he first got them, and even adhered more when he broke them in. But… the boots were becoming a bit much on him. Mainly because they restricted too much knee movement. Maybe he should get an inch off his platforms? Whatever it didn’t matter. Dee’s mind was elsewhere. He sat at the computer and decided whether to text Lif now.. or later. Ugh! When would she want him to text?

Dee leans back in fustration and groans. He yanks at his blonde strands. Why couldn’t he read social cues? whatever. Maybe he’ll do it later… he grabbed his bag and dug for a notebook. He grabbed the black one that was neat. This contained his chemistry work. He sat onto his desk, grabbed a pencil, and began to do the night’s homework in there.

Current Time: 5:04

Dee finally looks up. 5:04. He worked for a solid 44 minutes. Pa would be finishing up his work, and his ma wouldn’t be home until 6.

Dee thinks and reaches for his computer once more. He goes to his account and began to text Lif.

Dee_The_DarkPrince: Hey Lif.

Creepy_Bloody_Kitty; Hey, Dee! How is it going? :)

Dee_The_DarkPrince: Pretty decent.. just finished the chem homework.

Creepy_Bloody_Kitty; crap! We have chem homework? I forgot all about it!

Dee hesitates before responding. His fingers gliding along his keyboard in… hindrance. It's as if his body didn't want to move. Should he offer to help her? What if she doesn't need help — ugh he just ends up clicking send anyways.

Dee_The_DarkPrince: do you need any help with it?

Creepy_Bloody_Kitty: oh nah, I do struggle w chem here and there but tonight I'm a bit busy. I don't even know if I'll have time! But I do have to go. Bye Dee! :)

the chat is closed. Dee left the message on seen. He's already mentally beating himself up about it. Perhaps he could've acted cooler of some sorts? Was that even a word?! Dee just sighs. He spins his chair before reaching at his sketchbook and some very sharp pencils. He begins to sketch out drawings. Drawings of Lif. He didn't even need a picture to envision his muse.

Except this drawing is different. Different than the 132 drawings exactly of Lif he has in his notebook. He draws Lif as a Victorian Lover. The dark but detailed dress. Dee likes to think that even though they are born in the 20th century, they would've rocked the Reniscance era. Gosh, Lif would be beautiful in any era, Dee thought. Perhaps they'd be vampires in another.

Lif has been his only muse. His pencil strokes were fluid and graceful. Each line, each detail was just fury of love. The love he has for Lif and she doesn't even realize it. It makes him frustrated but so happy at the same time. He's a complete sap for her.

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50 minutes later.

Glam: Dee! Heavy! Dinner is ready!

Heavy was already rushing downstairs for his food. He quickly sat at the table. Mom had came home too right on time!

Victoria; “hey kiddo! And just where is the princess at?” She teases her youngest son. Where was Dee? Heavy smiles

“Uh.. I think he’s still in his room—“ but heavy is cut short when Dee finally arrived and took a seat. He was still in bit of a flow state. To be frank, his mind was occupied on her. He was quiet. More quiet than usual. Heavy and his mother, Vicky, yapped on and talked about their day.

Dee was still in a deep trance. His father with that damn mechanical smile looked up. He already served everyone with a plate of food. Heavy and Vicky were eating like slobs (which Dee and Glam had already grown accustomed to).

“Is everything alright, Dee? You’re more quiet than usual.” Dee looks up at his father. “Yeah Pa, I’m fine. Just tired.” Glam just nods and didn’t push the matter further. Dee hated that smile his Pa always wore, but he grew used to it. Especially after 16 years. Dee poked at his plate and ate some of it.. but never all of it. He’s been having a hard time eating recently for some reason. His mind was too filled with dopamine at the thought of Lif, his need to eat was heavily replaced with that instead. Isn’t that weird how that works?

“Alright I’m heading back to my room.” Dee quickly cleaned his plate and left it in the sink. Hurrying off before anyone could say anything. Glam tilted his head slightly but didn’t press any matters further than what it needed to be. Dee was a teenage boy who he trusted.

Dee immediately sunk onto his bed and began playing some music in his headphones. enjoying it. It was some classical soft pieces. Nothing major like Bach. Something soft, easy, and affluent. All his mind was surrounded was, was by Lif.

However, his eyes did catch a glimpse of something. That guitar. That same guitar his Pa wounded him with but he'd never admit it.

"Today you will realize just how talentless of a musician you truly are!"

"TO SHAME ME? TO SHAME OUR FAMILY'S NAME!"

Dee hisses at the thought of those words already. He just wanted to learn some simple songs for Lif! Right…? Dee turned in his bed with hard thought. He didn't want to think about the guitar much. His Pa's words wounded him but he didn't want to admit that. Especially not to him. He didn't even like to look at it. He doesn't even know why he kept it in his room.

Dee sighs and soon drifted into sleep. He hasn't even taken off his makeup. (Yes he changed into his pajamas already. Skull pajama pants, and a black shirt. With white socks).

Chapter 2: Maybe Today Isn't so Typical?

Chapter Summary

Dee and Lif meet the Orchestra Club!

Chapter 2: The origin of the Piano and Violin

When Dee woke up at 5:30, the sun wasn't quite out yet. He got up lazily. He had accumulated a well enough sleep. He drags slightly as he walks on the cold floor. He enters Heavy's room, since their rooms are connected to even get to the bathroom. He walks through, and Heavy is still asleep! What a slob. Heavy liked to wake up at 6:00. Leaving Dee with enough time to get ready, alongside peace and quiet.

Dee brushed his teeth, washed his face, cleaned his ears and that cool stuff. By then he had taken 10 minutes. He then takes a shower. A 20 minute one exactly. Dee uses his phone timer to time perfectly. This leads with the time being 6:00. Heavy will wake up at the alarm, groan, stay in bed an extra five minutes before forcing himself up. By then, Dee is out the shower.

He wraps himself in his towel and walks out of the bathroom, then into Heavy's room, and finally into his own. He gets changed into his regular boots, then does his makeup, and ties his hair back. He sighs softly. It was pretty routine. Dee didn't like to waste a minute. He liked things… exact. Neat. Perfect. Flawless even. The only thing that didn't have to be neat was Lif, and in addition, his damn guitar skills.

"DEEE! Have you seen my toothbrush!?" Heavy rushes into his brother's room. Dee sighs nonchalantly. "It's in your shower Caddy."…Heavy quickly spoke and ran out, "Thanks Dee!"

It amazes Dee how Heavy survives. That boy is hopeless. Dee grabs his bag and makes his way down the stairs. Glam is already cooking. Wearing his pink apron. Today he has made: eggs, sausage, toast, and fruits on the side. A balanced breakfast in Glam's eyes!

Dee took a seat. The first and only one there.

“Good morning, Dee!”

“Morning, Pa.”

Dee said a bit blankly. With no emotion. Which was normal. Glam serves his son a plate. Dee pokes at the plate before eating some of it. He couldn’t stomach a full meal nowadays. Why? He didn’t know. He just didn’t want to. He always felt… well fed. So he didn’t need to eat a ton. Heavy makes his way down the stairs and immediately plops down next to Dee, scarfing down his food! Not even saying morning

“Morning Heavy. Slow down.” Glam says. He didn’t say it sternly or nothing. Maybe as a lighthearted warning. Glam seemed to favor Heavy in his eyes. Vicky and Glam. Dee was just there it felt at times. But that hadn’t mattered or affected Dee. He scrolled on his phone for a bit before throwing the remainder food away. While glam was doing dishes. Dee always tried to be quick and efficient when it came to discarding food. Just not his taste. He cleaned the corners of his mouth with a napkin and was on his phone for the rest.

It was 6:30. Time for them to start walking. Heavy grabbed the lunch Glam made him. Dee was already at the door when Heavy came holding his bag and lunch. Keys in hand too. They walked to school in silence. Heavy yapped to Dee about some test he was worried for.

Eventually they both heard something in the distance. “Hey! Wait up!” Heavy and Dee turn around— and to their amazement, it was Lif! Lif caught up; smiling. Her red orbs so bright. The sun reflecting off of her pale skin. Dee blushes and immediately a strand flops out. Heavy grins.

“Hi lif!”

“Hi heavy, Hi Dee!”

“Uh… hi Lif…” Dee stammered again.

“Whew, you guys sure do walk fast! Heh, almost thought I wouldn’t catch up” Lif walks alongside the boys, trying to get to school with them.

When they all arrived, they departed ways. Dee went to his first class, world history. Heavy went to algebra I. Lif went to biology, which was her strong subject!

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Timeskip to lunch;

Dee, Lif and Heavy had the same lunch hour. So that was pretty cool. Heavy was walking with Lif. She was talking about this new fruit she tried last night. Said it was pretty sweet and flavorful! Heavy and Lif were just yappers. Dee was already siting and studying. He hadn't bother to grabbed lunch. Wasn't really hungry. Even if today was pizza day. The pizza was always amazing, but Dee just didn't have the appetite for it. He spent his lunch hour studying. Doing Honors Algebra II work.

Lif and Heavy came by and sat. The formalities and organics were exchanged. Dee looks up and finally puts his pencil down. He always was distracted and entranced with Lif. How could she not notice? She was the epitome of his existence. The way her lips moved when she spoke so passionately about tarantulas— or perhaps it was the furrow of her eyebrows when she'd have to think about something. Or the way her red orbs search's dee's blue ones.

Sometimes, Dee thought of the future. Would the children look like him? Or her? Would they have a mix of her red eyes and his in one? Gosh her red eyes were so unique. He loved it. He loved to think she'd be a caring mother. Maybe the child might inherit her disorder… (which made him a bit concern. How sound that work out)? It didn't matter. He'd adjusted. He already adjusted with Lif.

"Dee?"

The way she subconsciously uses her hands to express a lighthearted gesture…

"Uh hello? Dee..?"

If he really thought about the future, perhaps they'd have one or two kids. That is, if she even looks his way!

"DEE!" Heavy and Lif shout and he snaps out of it. He blinks and his face was very flustered.

"I- uh… huh…?" Heavy and Lif just laughs at Dee's cluelessness.

"Were you listening? I was thinking about joining the school's orchestra! Perhaps you'd join with me? I heard the teacher is really nice!" Dee's eyes flattered a bit. The memory of his father words burning into his soul once more. He's silent and Lif tilts her head silently. "Dee…?" Her voice says softly. She noticed the immediate disassociation. Her hands reached out but quickly stopped in hesitation to touch Dee. Mainly out of a common respect.

Dee clears his throat. "I uh… i wouldn't do good in any musical things"… he lets out a very nervous smile but Lif, being the amazing friend was, encouraged Dee. "Aw don't say that! I have a feeling you'd do amazing! Besides, doesn't your family do a lot with music?" Ouch. Rubbing salt into the sore wound that Dee hasn't even realized was opened. The thought of his father's words kept coming back to him. Before he could stammer or muster anything up to say— Lif quickly went on. "You know Dee, at least come check it out! You don't HAVE to join, just… well.. consider it?" She smiles nervously. Dee heart pounded. While he did feel a bit hesitant and pained, he couldn't resist Lif. She was just a goddess in his eyes. Dee lets out one final sigh. "Fine…" he mutters. Lif smiles, and that alone made Dee's heart melt. Until Heavy had to ruin the moment.

"Hey! I wanna join!" Heavy exclaimed with a happiness and warmth of a mere child.

Lif gave both boys a poster of what to expect. Dee read it. "Lunch times are to practice and meet Ms Kuzmina..? Monday through Friday. After school times until 5:00 are for practice and rehearsals. 10th and up!" She must be the music teacher for this orchestra community presented by the school.

Heavy groans when he reads it's only open to 10th grade and up. "Hey! No fair!" He flatters in his seat and pouts. Lif just smiles. "Maybe next year, Heavy!"

The lunch bell rings and the trio departed into their next classes. Dee was still thinking. Maybe this Orchestra class would lead to more walks and talks with Lif? Get closer to her. Know her better, perhaps? Hm. Maybe it won't be so bad after all.

Chapter 3: The Origin of the Piano and Violin

Chapter Summary

Dee and Lif are met with two instruments.

The next day, was the same as the day before. Except this is the day they will meet Ms Kuzmina during lunch. This will be fun.

They walked to school, met Lif, went to their classes, and this time when lunch came, Dee was walking beside Lif across campus to go to the huge orchestra directory.

“Dee, aren’t you like super duper excited?! Oh I wonder what instrument I will get to play!” Lif squeals. Her red orbs just bursting with excitement. “Uh… yeah.. excited. Hey Lif, what if I’m not good enough to even stay..?” Dee says with some uncertainty. Lif looks at him dead in his eyes. Her excitement dying down. Instead replaced with an understanding yet welcoming expression. “Well aren’t you a little hopeful for the future…?” She pauses for a sec before her eyebrows furrowed in an empathy for a quick second before relaxing. “Dee, you know Sviatoslav Richter failed many times beyond imagination? And did he stop? No! He didn’t let anything stop him. So stop setting the bar so low, okay?” She smiles and somehow, she ended up so close that he felt the warmth radiating from her body.

Dee blushes slightly and his eyes were a bit widened. “Uhh… okay…” Lif grins and quickly grabs his hands, dragging him quicker to the orchestra directory.

The second they step foot in their, they both gasp in unison. It was so huge and fancy. How can a school like theirs even afford this? They were like two kids stepping into a candy store.

The room consisted of a huge stage, and many seats. Even fancy red huge curtains! It was like a real orchestra concert room. Dee noticed the Strings. violins, violas, cellos, double basses, harp. Then the Woodwinds: flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, piccolo, English horn, bass clarinet, contrabassoon). Couldn’t forget the Brass either. Consisting of: French horns, trumpets, trombones, tuba. Then lastly, the Percussion: timpani, snare drum, bass drum, cymbals, triangle, xylophone, piano/celesta. It was amazement.

A woman, who appeared to be in her mid 50s, (a good chunk gray hairs mixing with black hair), wearing an unusual outfit. She stuck out than most of the teachers in that school. She had on loafers and a long skirt which had a piano design. Then a black sweater with a fitted shirt underneath. Her nails were black, professional, and even had a Treble clef behind her ear as a tattoo. She seemed pretty cool— especially in Lif's eyes.

"Hello! You two must be..?" She had the face of a strict lady, but something about her held an unusual warmth. Her voice was like a mother who softly coos their children to bed. It was relaxing.

"I'm Lif! And this is Dee!" Lif grins and Dee only gave a slight nod. The lady smiled. "Well nice to meet you Dee and Lif. Are you two here to join the orchestra?" She was just.. so polite. Not strict and yelling like the other teachers. "Uh-huh!" Lif was doing all the talking. Soon the lady led them to the stage presenting all the instruments. "Have you two ever played any instruments? Or have any ideas regarding music? Perhaps have an instrument in mind as well?" Dee spoke up first, his voice was shaky at first before becoming adamant of a formal and firm response. "I know music theory… that's.. about it." Ms. Kuzmina nods. He didn't dare tell about his failed adventure with the guitar. He was too embarrassed and even ashamed. Dee began to second guess why he even came here. His father's words were like a plague in his mind.

Lif stayed silent. For she didn't know much. She was too overwhelmed with excitement.

"Alright, hm… how about you, Lif, try some instruments and tell me which one is comfortable to you?" Lif immediately tries the violin. She tried it, and with a few pointers on proper position, Lif figured this instrument wasn't for her. They moved onto the woodwinds.. and… the only thing heard was squeaks that were ear bursting. Lif smiled nervously with some nervousness.

It took around 8 minutes before Lif found the instrument for her. Harp and piano ended up being the best options for Lif. The only problem was— Ms. Kuzmina didn't know which one would be be better for the beginner. The instrument chooses the player, didn't it? "Lif, which one do you like more?" Lif thinks at the question proposed to her. She lets out a soft hum. The harp did mesh terribly against her long nails… and at the same time, she did gravitate towards the piano. Lif smiles. "I believe the piano is the best for me!" Ms. Kuzmina, feeling more confident in the choice, nods and gives a very welcoming smile. "Fantastic!"

Ms. Kuzmina turns to Dee. "Alright Dee, let's find your instrument! How about we try with some woodwinds? Perhaps the flute?"

It took longer for Dee to find his instrument. He tried everything. He didn't have the lungs for the flute, clarinet, or bassoon. So they moved onto drums. He found an easy rhythm with them and they flowed perfectly. So this was an option. They moved onto the harp and piano. Dee's fingers were clumsy on the piano. Overlapping easily. Not to mention, something about his height affected it. They even tried the Tuba! Which was not comfortable for Dee's body. So this led to only one option. The strings. Miss K. Guided him to the best of her abilities. Dee tried the cello. It came natural and fluent. And yes— he did shred a few strings.. but… he found an easy rhythm and tempo with it. A few times Ms. K corrected his position. So this added onto the options. The Cello and drums. Ms. K lets out an intuitive hum, watching Dee move onto the next instrument carefully. The violin.

The moment Dee picked up the violin, the rhythms and the flow of it just sounded like a harmony. Lif watched with such an intense interest likewise to the teacher. It seemed as if all of Dee's troubles flushed away when it came to the violin. While everything was far from clean, they could see the apparent interest and formulation going on inside of Dee's head.

Dee's fingers moved alongside the fingerboard so fluently. How could he play the violin and not the guitar? Perhaps the guitar was too awkward for his body. The violin only seemed to be made for him. It was perfect. To him the music wasn't graceful, or clean. Yet it was all a learning process. It was as if, the violin had chosen him all along. All of his father's words were gone. Only the cries of the violin played. When Dee finished, the elder lady and Lif clapped! "Very impressive Dee!" She announced, her claps dying down. The warmth and smile on her face filled Dee's heart with something he couldn't explain. "I'm assuming you'll be coming back alongside Miss Lif here?" Dee nods before shakily speaking. A bit on a violinist high. "How'd I… uh… do?" He nervously smiles. For once the perfectionist had nervousness of his own flaws. He wanted to come back. In that same moment it all came back to him. His surroundings. Lif was there— and his humility came back! Did she like how he played? He had 100 thoughts going at 200 beats of his own heart! He was so nervous.

"You did amazing! I'm not saying that to appease you or give you lies— for someone who only knows music theory, you did better than most first time playing a violin. I did notice some shredding here and there but that is normal! I'm not EVER expecting you to play like Heifetz or Niccolò Paganini. Anyways, I fear lunch is just about over. I'm looking forward to seeing you two again! Oh and I have something for you both before you go." Ms. K walks off into her office which was a decent amount walk, especially considering just how huge the concert hall truly was. It took her roughly 6 minutes before coming back, holding two cases of something.

The cases seemed polished and very neat. Dee's and Lif's eyes burned with curiosity. "Starting with you Lif, I see some curiosity in you. I can tell already that you're enthusiastic to join the orchestra. You have the spirit and curiosity of a piano to begin with. You're very flexible yet have a way about you that just screams you'll make an amazing addition. In furthermore, if you choose to stay with us, which I pray you do, then you may have this. To practice. We can discuss technicalities later, yes?" And just like that, Miss K. Gave Lif a keyboard. A keyboard to play at home and practice. Study. It was the simplified version, but some action rather than none was better than most. Lif's gasped and gingerly took the keyboard that was wrapped in its case gingerly.

Oh this was going to be fun. Miss K. Turns to Dee.

"Mr. Dee? My analysis on you is precise as a flute! I can tell that you are firm on your descions and choices you make. You keep a backup plan in mind. You're very tense, precise, and a perfectionist. Yet, when you walked into this room, you were not the everyday Dee the world sees. Oh no no no. You were something more extraordinary. A violinist in the making. I hope you stay as well and make the decision to accept the musical arts. With the right determination, you will be the next generation of Menuhin!" She handed him a violin. Except this wasn't any practice violin. This was a true— no no— real violin! An expensive one. Dee's eyes widened and he looked up.

"I- you— you trust me with this?!? How could I even pay this off— I—" Ms. K cuts him off with a smile and polite words. "Dee? You don't have to pay for it. It is yours to keep. This school has tons of money, considering we are the only school in this district anyways. So please, keep it and play at home. Take it as an offering to join. Now I must go. Bye bye!" She hurried off quickly, not giving room for discussion. Her piano skirt flowing behind her elegantly. You could just tell she was in the orchestra as an adolescent.

Dee and Lif turns to each other. Smiles betraying them. "I told you, this would be worth it! Now let's head to our classes before we're late!" Dee and Lif scurry off. Both of them not even hungry. Only dopamine filled their heads as they carried their brand new instruments.

Dee and Lif happily walked with their new instruments. Violin and keyboard.

Chapter 4: Musicians and New Music Sheets!

Chapter Summary

Introductory to the Orchestra club, and Lif's special pet <3

When afterschool came, Dee remembered something. How would he be able to sneak this home? For some reason… he had the urge to hide it. To not tell his parents. Maybe out of fear? Perhaps even the fear of rejection. Also— it felt a bit silly to carry an instrument case. Yet it also came with some sort of odd pride…

Anyways, he'd have to hide this from his brother, Heavy, as well. Yet how? It wouldn't fit in his backpack.. unless he rushed home? Or hide it at Lif's house…? Then how would he practice at home? This was frustrating on Dee's mental capacity part.

Then the perfect idea came to him.

He would stay after school from the 3-5 session, and come home late! He would be able to sneak it in more easily. Sneak it out too… 'Oh I'm such a genius, how could I forget?' He smirks to himself for a bit before walking back to the auditorium. He forgot to text Lif to see if she's coming.

Dee walked to the auditorium quietly. Peacefully. The school was empty. As soon the bells rang, everyone flushed out the building. Some lingered, but most of the time, the majority was gone. So the walk was fairly quiet and long.

When he arrived, he pushed the huge double doors open, and saw tons of students. One of them being Lif, talking with a few members of the orchestra organization. He had seen a few of these students occasionally, but never spoke to them directly.

"Dee you're here!" Lif called out and immediately came up to him. Eagerly too. She smiles brightly. Dee admired her features subconsciously. It was second nature for him. He speaks

quietly. “Hi Lif… I did come…—“ he was cut off as she excitedly grabbed his hand and dragged him over to the group of girls. Dee face flushed. He was flustered at Lif touching him! Gosh, this girl didn’t know what she did to him. Lif began introducing Dee to some of the members.

“Alright Dee! This is Elena, Violet, Melody,

Cadenza, Harmony, Walton, Dimitri, Mikhail , Ivan, Nikolai, Boris, Benjamin, and Sonatina.” Lif was very enthusiastic about this. Happily naming off everyone’s name and formalities. Everyone said hi, and sat next to their instruments.

Ms. Kuzmina: Lead Conductor

Cadenza: Harp

Harmoney: violin #1

Elena: violin #2

Violet: student conductor | English horn

Melody: clarinet

Sonatina: cello #1

Ivan: Cello #2

Nikolai: Double Bass

Boris: Bassoon

Benjamin; Tuba

Walton: trombone

Dimitri; Piccolo

Mikhail; Timpani

Lif: piano

Dee: Violin #2

“There are way more, but today this who we have! It is a bad flu going around anywho! There’s over 50 musicians! Do you know what that means Dee?! 50 new friends!” She

exclaimed happily. She sat infront of her instrument the piano. Everyone there seemed friendly enough. Dee was not a trusting person immediately, so they'd have to grow on him, likewise he would too. Dee awkwardly waved. 'Why did I even agree to this'.. is what kept playing in his head. Light anxiety crept up on him. 'Cmon I'm Dee Shvagenbagen! What do these people have on me anyways..?' He sighs as he had a mental battle with himself. He awkwardly smiles as well and went into his position. Everyone was just talking for now while Ms. Kuzmina still set up.

Lif waved for Dee to sit nearby her instead. She had more than enough room, and he wouldn't be the oddball out. Dee hesitantly walked over and sat down next to Lif. She was talking with Melody and Dimitri about something she imagined. Dee ears listened but he observed.

Melody seemed bright. Pink was her color. She wore pink flats, white tights, and a pink skirt. Then a pink shirt, with a white button up fitted. Giving the sweater a nice collar appearance.

Dimitri wore black khakis, a sweater vest, and a fitted shirt. Presentable and clean.

Everyone here had a distinctive style. It was kinda.. relaxing and cooling. No one seemed inferior or superior than the other . They all genuinely seemed to like each other— or tolerate that is. They got along quite nicely. So Dee wasn't the oddball, considering he did have a certain aesthetic to him. Lif did too… she seemed to settle for the goth movement or something. He didn't know what she truly was. He just knew that he loved her, and she hadn't realized that.

"Dee, what made you join?" Melody asks softly. Sitting infront of him. She seemed welcoming. Her aura warm. Dee's blue eyes started into her brown ones. It took a moment for him to speak. "well I….. just trying something new out." He shrugged the indifference off. Melody smiled and nodded. Soon everyone began to tell their story. "I joined because the clarinet was always so beautiful to me as a mere child… and this school— when I found out we offered it, I had to give it a try. Turns out, it is the love of my life." She seemed so shy yet easygoing. Dimitri told his story too. Something about a play he went to as a kid made him fall in love with instruments. The arts were always his love. (Considering he's president of the art club).

Ms Kuzmina came out. She smiles. “Alright everyone! Round up! I have your pieces to work on!” She handed everyone a sheet of paper containing musical notes. Everyone got to work far away from each other to hear their instruments. Some students harmonizing together. Even when studying different pieces— and sections, everything came together so nicely. Even if it disorganized melodies combining together as one to form an unpredictable mastery of art.

Dee and Lif looked at their sheets a bit confused. Dee knew a few music notes… but to read a music sheet? Yeah. No. Not his jazz. Lif never even seen a musical notes. Furthermore for the piano? How the hell would she play a quarter rest? The confusion on both of their faces apparent. Ms. K chuckled at their cluelessness. “I think maybe that’s where you two are going to start off. Piano and Violin familiarities. Music reading and technique is a whole another language and lifestyle altogether. Follow me you two.”

She guided them to a whiteboard. For the two hour session permitted, she taught them how to care, basic notes, reading sheets. They both fairly understood it. Some practice would have to be done at home to fully comprehend. Miss K’s teaching was fairly efficient enough to get a start and idea.

Once the session was over, everyone was packing up. Some using a ride with a parent, or friend. Others walking with their school and instrument bag. To be frank— all of them left their real instrument and took a practice instrument home instead. For example- the double bass for Nikolai was too huge! He took a substituted one instead that was much smaller and efficient. Dee packed up his violin case, and Lif still had her keyboard that was transportable.

“Hey Dee, wanna walk home together?” She smiles and immediately came to Dee side. Dee looks at her for a quick moment before looking straight up ahead. “yeah, we can walk together. You know we would.” She chuckles and the corner of Dee’s mouth turned upwards. Lif and him walked in a comfortable silent. One that words didn’t need to be discussed at all. It was nice in its own way.

When they arrived at her house, Dee watched Lif wave goodbye and go inside. Dee smiled and waved back at her. He began walking home. It was 5:30 now. Ma would be home soon— or most likely now. It was only some days she worked until 6:00. Dee sighs and his boots move along the pavement. He would have to sneak his instruments in. He hid it from heavy (avoiding the walk home with him)… just… what bullshit lie could he come up with now? He sighs and kept walking.

Pretty soon he made it home. But before he did, he snuck out back (using a broken part of the gated fencing) and sitting the instrument there. He could hide it here for now. That would work. He hid it near his window before sneaking up front.

He used his key and opened the door. Immediately he's greeted with a voice calling him from the kitchen. It was his father. He was still cooking dinner. His ma was home, at the table. Maybe waiting to scold Dee? Who knows. Dee didn't care.

"Ah Dee, I see you're home. Mind explaining to us why you are so late and didn't walk with your brother? Furthermore telling us where you'd be?" Glam has that same smile. That smile that was maniac in everyone's eyes but no one said anything about it. Victoria stared at her son waiting for an answer as well.

"I was trying the chess club." Dee lied. It sounded believable, didn't it? Dee tried to keep his voice even. Keep it uninterested and plain as possible. To hide his emotions. I mean, Dee is a smart kid. He would be interested in joining such a prestigious club.

Glam is silent for a long time. Nerving Dee but he kept his composure.

"Alright! Text us next time to let us know! I'm glad you're trying new things!" Glam bought the lie. Which was rare. Glam could see through a lot of bullshit. But Dee? Dee was just as clever as his father. Too clever for his own good.

Dee nods to his father and went up the stairs. 'I can't believe Pa bought that…' Dee said to himself in his head. His boots hitting the bare ground. He went off into his room. He lets out a shaky sigh he didn't even realize he was holding. He took a shower immediately, letting all the stress and day's work grow off of him. In truth, Dee was beyond excited to have an instrument. One he called his own. Yet everytime he stepped into that damn house, he felt that shame again. His father's words. He closed his eyes tightly as the water went through his blonde locks. Trying to let go of the memory. He sighs.

When Dee got out the shower, dinner was already done. Dee just told his parents another lie. Lying through his teeth.

“I’m not hungry! I already ate at school!” He called out from upstairs. He didn’t hear any more talk after that. He went to his computer, and looked at any messages. He had one from Lif.

“Practice and come over? >_< !!!!” His heart pounded and trying to be cool and appear nonchalant he only replied with one word.

“Sure.”

Then the chat closed

Dee puts a fake dummy in his sleeping position and made sure the room was dark. He opened the window quietly as possible before slipping onto the roof. Normally he’d wait until everyone fallen asleep… but.. he wanted to see Lif. He climbs out and climbed down the shingles carefully before making it to the backyard. He grabbed his violin he hid, and scurried off to the broken gate. He slips past it and began making it to lif’s house.

When he arrived, he knew if he knocked then her parents would find out and ask him about this. Not really his flavor. He left his phone at home too (not having the energy to put the tracker his father installed on.) He sighs. Being the stalker he was, he already knew where her room was. He began to climb and slowly but surely- he made it! He gently knocks and immediately sees a startled Lif! She nearly screamed but quickly covered her mouth. She tip toed over and opened the window for him.

“Dee you came! Jeez! Text me next time… goodness gracious.” She chuckles. Dee heart pounded and he flushed again!

“I… uh…” he nervously chuckled and almost fell on his own too feet. He cleared his throat before speaking with some squeakiness.

“You… wanted to uh- practice, right?” He held out his violin. Lif smiles and sits on her bed. The keyboard already plugged up.

“Yeah. You could say that.” She smiles and began showing him what she learned. The keys, the notes, and etc. Dee did the same and soon, the shift from practice turned into fun conversations. Lif told him about some stupid cunt she had to deal with.

Dee listened and he found himself staring at lif’s lips again. She was perfect. He restrained himself. If it was up to him, she’d be his. (That’s what he wanted but lacked the confidence). He looked up and stared at the beauty she was. Truly. Her words not falling on deaf ears. He listened intently and watched her maneuver over her instrument, and sometimes her phone.

“Wait Dee! What is a rosin bow…?” She lightheartedly asked. Leaning over and tilting her head.

“A rosin bow? I… in simple terms you could say it just helps you play an instrument in the string family….?” He sat down beside her bed. Lif, not wanting to be rude, pats next to her.

“Dee you don’t have to sit on the floor ya know…”

“..But I don’t want to be rude—“

“Dee.”

“Lif?”

Lif gave him a stern look which made Dee crack a little under pressure.

“Er…” Dee still hadn’t made an effort to get up. His face soon turning red. But all was stopped when he felt something crawl on him. A tarantula!

“WHAT THE FUCK!” He nearly shouted and slapped it away- desperately crawling on lif’s bed with huge eyes.

Lif gasped and immediately checked up on her tarantula. It ended up being fine! No abdomen bursted. She gently scoops it up and puts it back in its enclosure. This led to further bewilderment in Dee! His mouth was wide open too and he hadn’t realized. He looked beyond flabbergasted. Petrified even. Lif turned around and the second she saw his face she wanted to laugh.

“Dee! What the hell!” She was snorting. She wasn’t even mad. Maybe she should’ve told him there was a spider in the room with them. It slipped her mind honestly.

“Lif!” His voice was all squeaky and out of range which made Lif laugh some more.

“Oh Dee, is the glorious dark prince afraid of spiders~?” She teases and sits next to him. Which calmed his nerves somewhat.

“Lif why do you own that— that— THING!”

“Tarantulas are cute and living things too! Show it some love Dee Dee!”

“NO! That’s insane! This is insane! I—“

“It’s a curly hair, if you care.”

Dee fell silent at her words. The way she said it threw him off. It didn’t sound bad. Not good either. Perhaps she wanted someone to hear her out of that too. So Dee puts his differences aside and soon settles down next to Lif.

“What does that mean exactly..? I… is there more than one species..?”

Lif smiled and nodded. “Yeah! The one I have is a new world. Meaning it’s from the Americas and not as dangerous and short tempered. These ones tends to be more docile and catered for beginners. Their venom isn’t lethal either. But each spider has its own personality…”

Then for hours Lif went on explaining all types of spiders. Their instruments casted aside for the night.

She went on so much Dee started to feel his eyes get heavy… and more heavy, and next thing she knew, Dee’s head was asleep beside her right thighs She blinks and looks down. She hadn’t even realized her friend was falling asleep! Did she bore him? Oh goodness gracious. She nervously sighs. She didn’t want to disturb him.. he did seem tired. So… Lif fell asleep too. All her worries drifting off as she laid next to her friend. Platonic buddies.

Chapter 5: Every Instrument Starts Off Boring

Chapter Summary

Just a long and detailed chapter. I will try to feed you guys more <3

The next morning, Dee woke up to his eyeliner smudged all over his face. Luckily none in his eye to cause irritation. He yawned and it took him a few moments to blink the sleep way. When he did wake up, he noticed Lif was still sleeping next to him. Her hair casted astray all over the place… but in a beautiful way. She truly was his Hecate. He looked at her for a few moments. Drinking in her appearance. Her words from last night. Everything.

‘Is this weird? Probably… I should just go.. before Lif calls me a weirdo.’ Dee quietly left her bed and grabbed his violin. packing it up quietly. He opened her window quietly as possible. Before he heard a grumble.

‘Who is that…?’ Lif voice called out tiredly. Dee turned around and saw her sleepy and confused gaze. Dee frowns and spoke quietly.

‘It’s me Lif…’ Lif didn’t recognize still. She only saw her imagination. Monsters. So she simply turned away. To let go of all her fears. Most importantly, sleep some more.

Dee shakes his head and left through the window. It was still early and if he made it there in time, he would not be caught sneaking out. He didn’t mean to stay the whole damn night. Just a few hours…

Dee jumps down Lif’s roof and walks away. He kept it quiet to not disturb anyone in the neighborhood. He sighs as the sun tried to peak through the skies. It was beautiful; honestly. He was one that was always up with the sun.

It took only 10 minutes to get back to his house. He left his violin in the back and snuck in, climbing carefully and quiet. He opened his window and crawled inside. Being careful not to

knock anything over. He straightens up once he's inside safely and sighs. Nothing in his room looked disturbed. Meaning one thing. No one knew he was gone. Relief washed over Dee instantly and his fingers ran through his golden curls. He took a few moments before grumbling and going to the bathroom to clean up for the day. Shower again, (to get rid of the outside smell), and to clean his face up.

He cleans the smeared, messy, gross, makeup. Dee almost cringed at his physical appearance. Dee was not someone who liked filth at all. He gets it from his father. He brushes his hair back before undoing it from its ponytail. His curly hair flowing freely now. He began to run some hot water. He turned back to the mirror and just stared. Analyzing himself. Force of habit. He opens the cabinet and begins to clean his piercings. He didn't know why he did it. He just… well… did it! Everything had to be neat. Didn't it? Once he cleaned them, he felt the steam begin to creep up on him. He took one final look in the mirror before undressing himself. Tossing his clothes aside. He gets in the shower and immediately his muscles relaxed. The hot water provides a hug he never knew he needed. Not that he was into much affection. Just… needs some grounding once in a blue moon, ya know?

Dee leans his head back and closes his eyes. Enjoying the simmering and steam the shower brought. The warmth spreading across his skin. He began to wash up. Washing himself clean of grime. Even the freckles in the strange spots of his body. His back was littered in freckles. They weren't too dominant.. but they aren't subtle either. When he was a kid, he use to pick at them, thinking they were dirt. Until he learned what freckles were. They were something apart of his physical features. Of course, little kids don't come out the womb knowing that. Obviously.

As Dee relaxed in the shower, he was brought in a trance. He began to think of the future. The water droplets hitting his skin on its own accord, and soon dropping down his ankles. It was as if Dee had came to some sort of serialization. Thinking of the consequences of his own actions. Sneaking out? Sleeping beside Lif? He just started to think of that. His face began to heat up in embarrassment. Did Lif think he was weird? Was he reading too much into it? Sometimes Dee wish he could shrink and turn microscopic to avoid the truth of his own actions and flaws. He didn't like to think that he cared what others thought. He didn't for the most part. That's what he tells himself for the most part. Hence the cool guy act or whatever. He furrows his eyebrows in frustration. The shower was a perfect place to vent irritation.

Dee's train of thought is interrupted when Heavy knocks on the door. "Dee! Can you hurry up! I need to use the bathroom!" Heavy really did have urgency in his voice. He sounded like he would practically piss bundled if he waited any longer! Dee could be a prick and stay in there longer. Or. He could just hurry it up.

For his own benefit, he washed the remainder of the soap, and stepped out the shower. His feet dropping down onto the cold tiles of the bathroom. How can one place trap so much heat, yet remain cold to the touch? Life truly was an illusion, wasn't it? He wrapped the towel around his body, cleaned the shower, and walked out. Heavy barged past him and hurriedly closed the door. Dee simply shakes his head and traveled off into his own room.

He opened his door and began to moisturize, change, apply makeup, and brush out his wet curls. Unlike heavy, he keeps his hair (and piercings) clean. Soon everything about him was pristine.

He laid in bed for a bit. Contemplating. He looked at his phone for a few moments. Nothing on social media appealed to him. Not right now at least. He got up and searched his book shelf. He had some good books that he wanted to catch up on. His fingers ghostly grazes against the books before picking one. Crime and punishment. A classic. Dee shrugs and traveled back into his bed. Bundling up in a few of his covers. He had a thick throw on blanket, considering Heavy often stole the space heater. Resulting in Dee just using a blanket. He never voiced his complaints unless it was to annoy and agitate Heavy.

So for a solid two hours he read. Clearly invested. Although some chapters bore him, he tolerated it anyways. It wasn't a bad book per-say. Just took some development on his end. The room was quiet, only outside noise such as Heavy's music playing in the distance was heard. Or his mom working on her motorcycle. Dee tuned all that noise out. For once, Dee had time to compose himself. It had been a long week for him.

It was 8:00 when his father called for him and his brother. To eat breakfast. Dee's stomach growled. He hasn't ate in a few days. It was the excitement that took over that hunger. Now that high was gone. He needed to eat. He begrudgingly threw the blankets off of his body, and began to walk downstairs. The cold floor meshing against his socks. It wasn't uncomfortable, but the thermal transfer was apparent.

The moment he got down to the last step, he turned the corner and sat at the dining room table.

"Good morning, Dee. Happy to see you up this morning." Glam said audibly. He was chopping vegetables and wearing that smile as usual. Sometimes Dee couldn't help but think

that smile was false. A charlatan act.

“Morning, Pa.”

“Morning everyone!” Heavy grins and took his seat right next to Dee. Waiting for Glam to serve them.

Their mother walks in soon, sighing and taking a seat. She wasn’t a morning person but got up anyways. “Mornin”. That’s all she muttered.

Glam gave everyone their plate and everyone dug in. As usual, Victoria and Heavy dug right into their food before coughing from a mini series of choking. Followed by a chase of orange juice down the throat.

Dee pokes at his scrambled eggs. He took a few forkfuls of eggs and swallowed them. His sudden interest for eating gone suddenly. He didn’t know why. Why did he lack an appetite? His head was filled with airless thoughts right now. Everything just… seemed void-less. He wanted isolation for now. To not cause any confusion or fussing, he force himself to ate some more. Then

It went back to picking.

“Dee?”

Scrape, scrape, scrape

“Dee? I am talking to you.”

Clink, Clink, Clink

“Dee! Dad’s talking to you…”

Scrape, scrape, scrape

“DEE WE ARE TALKING TO YOU!”

His mother yelled at him: to catch his attention. Dee’s fork stop and he looks up immediately. Like a deer in the headlights. Everyone was staring at Dee. Dee felt his ears get hot and some dread wash over him. He kept his posture straight. His mother giving him an annoyed look, assuming he was just being a little shit as usual. Heavy had a bit of a concerned look on his face. As usual, Glam had that crazed smile.

Dee had zoned out and hadn’t even realized anyone was talking to him…

“Yeah…?” Dee said quietly. His fork held between his fingers. His neatly polished nails against the metal.

“We were asking how did school go yesterday. Considering we missed the chance to speak to you yesterday. Also, are you feeling alright, Dee?” His father still had a smile but there was a faint edge of concern. One that could be slipped, if he were Heavy that is. Dee perceived a lot.

“I’m fine. School was good yesterday as well.” Dee’s voice was flat as usual and monotone. He went back to poking at his food as his family resumed their discussion. Usually Heavy would tease him, but not today.

Dee stood up, scraped off the leftovers, rinsed off his plate, and discarded it in the sink. He went off to his room. Quiet as usual. Dee was in deep thought. He didn’t want to be here for his weekend, and in addition, he would rather be at Lif’s place. Speaking of Lif, he hadn’t even texted her! He shakes his head subtly before entering his room. He grabbed his phone,

and opened up his messages with Lif. She hasn't been online at all this morning. She was an early bird and usually would be online by this time. Maybe their night last night drained her- or worst; he annoyed her.

He didn't mean to offend her if he did… about the whole tarantula thing. 'I'm a fucking dork, aren't I?' Muttering under his breath. He rubs his temples in annoyance.

Right as he was about to toss his phone aside, he for a 'ding'. He grabbed it and saw Lif online. Speak of the devil.

Creepy_Bloody_Kitty: Practice @ my place? Tonight?

Dee_The_DarkPrince: yeah.

Chat closes. Maybe he hadn't messed up? Still threw him off. He half assedly remembers last night. He just sighs and shrugs it off. His mind was invaded with Lif for the rest of the evening. Until then, he was stuck in this house.

Timeskip: After dinner

When dinner was over, or in other words, "family time", Dee immediately puts on his boots, black sweater, and his usual jeans. It was the fall after all. The chill was there but not too cold.

He added a fake dummy to the bed. He climbs out the window, and began to sneak out. He was carefully. Lightly treading on the shingles, using the pipes, and taking his time overall. Wouldn't want to risk it. Would he?

He climbed down and as soon as his boots hit the ground, he ducked and crawled around. Grabbing his violin from the spot he hid it. He treaded carefully to the open hole in the fence. He escaped through that efficiently and stood up. Walking away from the premises. It was a relief. Home felt stuffy. Suffocating. He wanted a change of scenery. Dee looked up at the clouds. It was a beautiful arrangement. The sunset was setting and it was a dusty orange flooding the streets. Ephemeral if you asked him.

Dee took his time. Not rushing to get to Lif's house. One AirPod in. This was the alone time he longed for. No Heavy shouting, no tension around his dad, or thin ice with his mother's temper. Serene and quiet. How Dee preferred it.

Eight minutes later, Dee arrived. He carefully climbed Lif's side of the house. Climbing to the second floor, and making it to Lif's room. He peeked inside, raising his fist to knock— but he stopped. He saw Lif on the ground. Still in her pajamas and socks. Sitting criss cross Apple sauce. She was in-front of an acrylic box filled with substrates and decor. She was handing her tarantula. The furry being crawling carefully and slowly off of her hands and into the box. Settling down into the substrate. Slowly retreating into its burrow.

Lif puts the lid on and put the box away on the proper stand. That's when she turned around and saw Dee. She smiled and opens the window to let Dee climbed through. He took a few extra moments being careful not to hit any of her stuff. She helped him a bit, guiding him and making sure he didn't fall.

When he was in safely he straightened his back. Then he sat his violin case down beside her bed.

"Heya Dee! You came! Why didn't you knock on the window— wait never-mind that! Alright, so this is what I've been working on." She rushes to her bed. Her contacts off. Her eyes were the brown hue she was born with. Her face shifting to concentration as she read a beginner music sheet and began playing some keys accordingly. She's a quick learner and must've been studying after he left her place some hours ago.

He sat on the ground beside her. He watched and listened intently. She had his full attention as always.

She played a simple song. Bach's Prelude in C Major, and Jingle bells. Odd combination, but it was just practice right? Lif was so concentrated. Her fingers hovering over C and A. Her fingers worked to make a sounding harmony that came together. Beginner friendly of course, but it still sounded very lovely. Once Lif finished she smiles and turned to Dee.

“Whatcha think? Pretty neat, ain’t it?” She smiles, looking at Dee’s face for some sort of impressed reaction. Which is exactly she got. Well not impressed exactly, but definitely awe struck. Dee smiled fondly and spoke in a stammer that was shaky. How could Dee be so composed and cold any other time but a wreck around Lif?

“It… uh.. sounded lovely, Lif.”

“Thanks Dee! Alright, so what do you have so far?” She wants to hear him play.

Dee blushed with some embarrassment. Truth be told, he hadn’t worked on it at all since their conversations the night before. He smiled nervously.

“I haven’t had much time to practice.. after uh.. last night…”

“Oh! Right! Sorry!” She smiled with some awkwardness. She soon went back to working on her keyboard.

Dee got comfortable and began working to practice his violin. It sounded terrible but Lif didn’t mind. She was invested in her own teachings.

The two played for three hours straight. Learning until the point of exhaustion. Dee was able to read his music sheet, correct some minor placement, and play two simple chords. That being C and G major. It took time. Lots of it. Dee was being patient alongside Lif.

It was dark and the crickets were chirping. Dee sighs tiredly and soon sank against the floor. His body aching from playing and practicing too much. Lif was experiencing some minor pain as well from playing. She sighs quietly and turns to Dee.

“Are you aching as well? Gosh, my back is killing me.” She stretches and soon extended fully on her bed. Her brown eyes looking at Dee’s blue ones.

“Yeah, my fingers feel sore and my back hurts.” He rubs his temples. He could use a Power Nap. Although he felt lazy. He hadn’t done much today which sucked. He was growing a bit frustrated. Impatient a bit.

Lif came over and sat next to Dee. Sinking right with him. “So…” she starts off quietly.

Dee face flushes at the close proximity. Before shakily speaking. “S.. so….?” He looks at Lif’s lips for a split second before her eyes. She just smiles.

“So UNO?” She held up the cards. Dee’s flustered expression died down a bit and he nodded his head. He took the stack of cards and began to shuffle….

Time: 8:38pm

Dee had won three times, and Lif zero. So when the fourth round came, he played idiotically and allowed her to win! Making her smile and brag to Dee’s face. Dee smiled and felt his heart tingle. She was just so bubbly.

When Dee checked the time his heart sank a bit and the happy glint in his eyes died down. He spoke quietly. “It’s getting late. I should go. But good game and session, yeah?”

Lif’s celebration stopped and she smiles understandingly.

“Yeah. Good session and game. See you on Monday?”

“Yeah. On Monday.”

Chapter 6: Monday Tends to be A Minor

Chapter Summary

"To play the piano is to take a journey through emotions." – Daniel Barenboim

Sunday passed in no time. Dee hasn't talked to Lif since that Saturday night. He was studying his violin that Sunday. He was getting better daily, but everything took practice and time.

When Monday morning came, Dee was already out of the door. He was walking without Heavy. Left a note saying he'd eat the school's breakfast instead. That's why he was in a rush. (Dee has never ate school breakfast. Ever.) Dee just needed time to quickly collect his violin and make sure no one saw it. Feasibly, so no one could talk to him about his musical talent or skills. Strangely enough, compared to most boys Dee's age, Dee was emotionally intelligent. Sometimes, even his own intelligence hinders him. He's too sensitive and soft in the heart. All masked by an arrogant but intelligent act.

Dee closes his eyes for a moment before opening them. Dee had a problem. He knows he did. WHY did he have the urge to keep everything so private? So secret? Why couldn't he make friends the way Heavy can? Why can't he be normal around Lif?Why is he so— him?

He grunts a bit in frustration. His feet dragging along the pavement now. His left hand carrying his instrument case.

Dee arrived at school at 7:02. Early enough for him. He walks down to the orchestra room, and places his instrument next to the piano. He could tell some of the members had came already. Some instruments moved and tampered with by their respectful owners. Dee took one final glance at his instrument before turning away and walking back to the main entrance. Perhaps he could go to the school cafeteria to burn some time.

Dee's boots clank against the cold and poorly mopped floors. It was empty and quiet for the most part. Some students lingering in the commons, or eating breakfast while scrolling on their phones.

Dee went to the cafeteria doors and opened them. He saw a few students— more specifically, he saw some of the orchestra members. Only three of them though. Melody, Dimitri, and Sonatina. They were talking. When Dimitri saw Dee, he waved and urged Dee over.

Dee's eyes sharpened only for a second out of hesitation. Before he walked over. His hands in his pockets.

Dimitri smiled, and waved. "Hey Dee." The other two girls said their hello's as well. Dee sat down next to Sonatina.

"Dee, we were just talking about which one is better! Pancakes, waffles, or French toast! Which one do you think is the best one?" Sonatina asked. Everyone turned to Dee with smiles.

Dee felt his stomach churn a bit. Was it hungriness from skipping breakfast? Or was it the anxiety of genuinely having people to talk to.

"I think pancakes are better. Softer to the teeth." He shrugged it off and tried to act indifferent as usual.

"Aww come on man! Waffles are much better! What about chicken and waffles? The crunch is to die for." Dimitri explained his point of view. Melody eye-rolled but chuckles.

"Oh shut it you dork… French toast is more sweet. Savory. Not your crunchy burnt waffles." Melody laughed when Dimitri attacked her with a bombarde of kisses.

‘I guess those two are dating?’ Dee thought before dismissing it.

Sonatina looks away before her hazel eyes caught Dee. “I think pancakes are good too. Don’t listen to those two love birds.” She says quietly. Her eyes lingering on Dee for a moment longer. Maybe because melody and Dimitri were too busy being affectionate.

“Hm.” That’s all Dee said. He wasn’t much of a talker himself. Soon it’s awkward staring between the two. At least to Dee it was awkward.

“How is the violin coming along?”

“Satisfactory.”

“Any troubles?”

“No.”

“Do you enjoy it?”

“Of course.”

‘What an odd guy’ Sonatina thought and just nodded to Dee. She kept a mental note that Dee isn’t very talkative. She turned back to Melody and Dimitri. Listening to them yap about many absurd things. Like the difference between an octopus and squid.

Eventually, the bell rang and everyone dispersed into their first hour. Dee was in world history which bore him. His classmates in this class bore him too. He looks out the window and all his mind could focus on was his violin. It seems that the violin has taken to his current fixations. He tuned out his teacher. He was one to never tune of his surroundings. He was the observant type, but not today. He wanted his own company and voices.

Once the lecture is done, everyone is handed a group project. First introductory questions. Then over the Timelapse of a month- they’d work on a Reniscance figure autobiography and turn it into an interactive slideshow. As a group. Dee dreaded projects. As soon as the sheet

was passed out; he works on it, absentmindedly. It was pretty easy. Sometimes Dee wished this school offered more challenging classes. Sure he was in: AP chemistry, physics, AP lang, and calculus. However, this history class was just a waste for him. It was too easy. Dee liked a challenge.

As his pencil moved across the paper neatly, he's interrupted. Dee's eyes caught a glimpse of a pale pink sweater. When he fully looked up he saw that pink hair. Furthermore, he saw Diane's face. Immediately he sighed boredly and looked at her.

"Diane. What do you need?" He asks with a bit of impoliteness. Dee lacking tact. Dee knew Diane had a crush on him- but Dee didn't reciprocate back. Diane was more of an annoyance. He found her superficial if anything. Just another person.

"I was wondering if we could work together? You don't have to be so rude ya know." She said a bit snobbishly. In truth, her heart was pounding. Dee took one Quick Look around the room. Everyone had a partner. Not a single person; besides him and Diane, didn't have a partner. He sighs and shrugs.

"Alright."

Diane took a seat next to him. She was smiling. She was entranced by him. Even if he was a bit rude. He sure was a cutie though. Sometimes she'd daydream about their future.

Dee was already working and getting it done quickly as possible. Dee has always been the type to get the work done asap. He didn't like to linger or fool around at all.

Diane eyes drifted to the paper, staring at Dee's answers. "That's wrong." Her pencil pokes at his paper on question 5. "The Medici family were influential bankers… not artist. Hence why they funded the Reniscance artist." She smirks like a smart ass. Which irked Dee's soul and pride.

He looks down at his paper before looking at the textbook to confirms Diane's answer. For once the crepe haired girl was right. Dee begrudgingly erased his answer and fixed it.

“Happy?”

“Very.”

Dee scoffs and for the rest of the hour they worked together. It was a lot of sassy comebacks, but they got it done anyways. It was an amazement on how they didn’t pounce at each other. ‘How could someone be such a smart ass?’ Was the occasional thought that crossed Dee’s mind. No wonder people would get annoyed with the “smartie pants” of the classroom.

When the bell rang, Dee stood up immediately but a tap came. A light tap. Dee quickly looks at Diane with a face of contempt. Diane ignored it.

“…uh… before you go I had a question. I heard you help students? I’m struggling with—“

“No.”

“But I didn’t finish—?”

“If this is about the class project, we have more than enough class time to do it over the time period of a month.”

“It’s not that. Can you help me with my chemistry?” She eyerolls. Not taking the answer no. She never met someone so stuck up like him! He was like a headache. One that gave her a thrill.

“No—“

“$50?”

Dee pauses and thinks. Before his eyes narrowed. Was this a hoax? Perhaps.. perhaps not. He thought about it for a moment over. He did have practice as usual. He'd have to get a certain time. Thinking the whole schedule out. The two holding intense eye contact.

"Fine. During lunch." He shrugs and walks away. Diane muttered a quick damn it. She wanted his number! Not a freaking lunch date. 'Whatever. I guess I can make this work.' Dee was much harder to get along with than she'd like to admit. She sighs and begins walking to her next class.

When lunch time occurred, Diane grabbed her lunch and sat down in-front of Dee. They sat near a window seat in the cafeteria. It was cold. She sighs and sat her tray down. Grabbing her bag and taking out the work she struggled with. They were learning Lewis dot structures and she still didn't understand. She knew Dee was an intelligent student- and perhaps that would help her understand a tad bit while accomplishing her goal of befriending Dee.

Dee looks down at her worksheet. He was not the nicest and would most likely belittle her during this work time they had.

But he didn't.

He began to explain.

"A Lewis dot structure. This system was created by Gilbert N Lewis, during the 20th century. An impressive system." Dee shrugs before continuing. "The diagram is meant to show how an element's valence electrons are arranged. This can be used to determine the element's polarity or reactivity."

He went on and on and how to solve it. Giving Diane tons of examples and practice problems. Diane listened intently and even began solving some by herself— which were correct. She was actually invested into their studies. Listening instead of fawning or trying to be snarky.

Dee found himself enjoying his explanations— in other words; teaching. He enjoyed it. He found himself a bit proud when Diane actually began to understand and converse with questions that were a bit of a challenge. (Maybe it was coming from the Sapiophile they both suffered from apparently.)

Diane looks up at Dee as he explained molecular structures. Their eyes bore into each other a bit differently than any other time. Perhaps it was a common interest that sparked neurons in their brains. A understanding that the two hadn't disclosed with words.

At another lunch table, Heavy and Lif were eating lunch. Lif was talking to Heavy as if he was her brother. The conversation mainly regarding Lif giving Heavy some advice on how to deal with bullies. It was sweet. Of course, they'd most likely leave each other in a few moments. Heavy had his own friends and Lif had hers. It was just nice to talk to each other. The sibling they never had. Lunch started 12 minutes ago. Meaning they still had 23 minutes left to go.

"Hey, where is Dee?" Heavy asked. Usually his brother would've made it over here before they ever could. He would be the one studying and listening to music during Lunch. Trying to hurry up on his schoolwork.

Lif pauses and lets out a contemplative hum. Her eyebrows furrowing. Usually Dee would've been here. He didn't even walk to school with them which sucked. Lif was under the impression perhaps he wasn't feeling well.

"I thought he stayed home?" She tilts her head a little bit and Heavy shook his head no.

"No… he even left in a hurry this morning! Which he never does unless it's like- super duper important!" Heavy pouts a little bit. His eyes soon scanning the cafeteria in hopes to find his brother. Which Heavy didn't succeeding in finding.

Lif's eyes scan the cafeteria too. Her red eyes searched all over. Even turning her back to see. She stood up to get a better view. That's when she saw him.

Across the cafeteria, sitting with a pink haired girl. For once, Dee was smiling a little bit and genuinely seemed interested in the conversation.

For some odd reason, Lif felt something in her heart that turned… overwhelming. Her voice soon caught in her voice. She stared for a moment or two before sinking down in her seat. She couldn't explain this feeling. She's never felt it before. At all. But something about seeing Dee genuinely happy with someone else— stung. In a weird way. Of course she was happy Dee was making friends and all that cool jazz! It's just… how come they've been friends for a month now, and she couldn't even make Dee smile? On some occasions, Lif wondered if she was too dumb to understand what Dee was talking about. Or it annoyed him.

Heavy noticed the change in Lif. He frowns before speaking. "Lif? Are you okay? You seem out of it."

Lif shakes her head and presumably smiles. "Oh yah I'm fine! Sorry' must be the meds! Anyways, Dee is across the cafeteria. I'm going to go sit with some of my other friends. Okay, bye Heavy! See you later!" She said it as if she were in a rush. She grabbed her lunch and walked away to another table.

Heavy was a bit bewildered at the sudden change but shrugged it off. He walked away to go talk to his other friends. Today was a strange day anyways.

It was after school which meant orchestra time. Dee walks to the orchestra room. As usual it's a quiet and long walk. This helped bite off the edge of today's school events. He walked past some big windows which showed everyone outside playing or getting in their cars. Some walking home.

Dee opened the big doors and immediately saw everyone practicing or chatting. Ms. K was in her office going over some lesson plans she had in mind.

He walks up the stage stairs and walked over towards the piano, where Lif sat practicing. She was trying to do some music reading and correlate it to the keys she pressed.

Dee came over and grabbed his violin case which sat next to the piano. The disruption made Lif look to the side where Dee was.

“Oh hey, Dee!”

“..er… hi Lif.”

“I haven’t seen you all day! Anyways, good Monday so far?”

“Yeah you could say that.”

Dee took a seat next to the piano and began playing. Lif still had the indifference from earlier but quickly brushed it off. ‘Maybe I’m reading too much into it…’. She sighs and cracks her knuckles to continue playing the notes on the keyboard. Her posture and technique seems to be correct.

Dee got into the proper position for the violin and began playing. Shredding a few notes. He was working on bow placement and how to make both of his hands respond together. His mind was still stuck on moving one part compared to the other. He sighs and kept progressing.

The two hours were full of everyone’s instruments playing. It was messy— sure, but effective for everyone. Ms. K gave everyone feedback.

-Dee needed to work on bow pacing and pressure.

-Lif needed to work on differing D and E. Alongside moving into the correction position to play the black keys and white ones.

-Cadenza needed to work on not catching too many strings.

-Dimitri needed more lung capacity exercises to execute the piccolo.

-Elena needed to reduce pressure on her violin.

-Melody needed to work on spacing for her clarinet.

-Nikolai was adding too much pressure on the double bass creating unnecessary tension.

-Ivan has the same problem was Nikolai

-Sonatina struggled with stiffness in the fingers

-Walton lacked consistent breath

-Mikhali needed more coordination for the Timpani

-Boris needs lung exercises.

-Benjamin has to make sure to check his posture. Hunching over the tuba can cause serious damage.

That was all the two hours allowed for. Everyone cleaned up and packed up to go home.

Dee and Lif began walking together in a comfortable silence. Usually she would've been more talkative, but not this evening. Dee assumed she didn't have a good day. Lif had a lot on her mind. It was dry practically. This made Dee feel a bit weird but he shrugged it off.

As they walked down and passed the cemetery, Lif finally spoke. "So… I assume you're getting better with the violin?" She said slyly.

Dee's face contorted into some minor confusion before shrugging. "Yeah I am. How is the piano?"

"Lovely. I've figured out A Minor."

"Oh… that's uh… good to hear."

"Mhm."

It was a very strange energy. Lif was more upbeat and carefree. Never like this. Dee knew Lif could be angry when she wanted to. But not like this. He cleared his throat a bit before speaking quietly.

“Did uh…. Something happen today..?”

“No. Just the usual.”

“Oh…okay.”

It was irking Dee now… did he annoy her? Was it not texting on Sunday? Usually she wouldn’t care and understand.

When they arrived to her house, she quickly said bye, thanks, and went inside. Leaving Dee momentarily stunned and a bit stung. He waved before walking home.

Chapter 7: What Happens When a Violin Meets Mother Nature?

Chapter Summary

this first part is in glam's POV! Second part is Dee's. Yes there is symbolic meaning lol.

Glam was finishing up his work. Tidying up the last of his desk before retiring from that room for the night. He takes one sigh, takes the glasses off, and pushes his chair back. Standing up, straightening his spine. Posture was key for Glam. He pushes the chair back in the correct position as it was in before.

'Hm. I wonder when Victoria will be home…' occurs in Glam's head. He took one mental note as he looked at the calendar to double check. Of course, it was six o'clock when she'd be off. He took a satisfactory crazed smile in the timely manner she'd be home. He walks downstairs, puts on his apron, washes his hands, and began dicing vegetables. All of them washed and prepped.

He grabs an onion, peels it first, then began dicing vertically, then horizontally, and so on into little cubes. Once he finished with that, his hand swept them off of the cutting board, and transferred into the skillet to salute. He began to julienne cut the green and red peppers. Making sure no seeds were left. Once those were perfected, he moved them onto the skillet. He sets the knife aside neatly. He mechanically moves to the fridge, and grabs a stick of butter. He cuts 1/2 tbsp of butter, then puts in the pan. His right hand turning the gas stove knob onto low.

He turns around and began cleaning the meat. It was steak. Although you could technically put in the pan, glam never preferred that method. Felt disgusting and unclean. Glam didn't appreciate clean. SO, to fix that problem, he rinses the steak off. Then soaked it into some vinegar for a moment. He moved onto cleaning the rice for a split moment. Rice always took longer to cook in his opinion.

Placing the rice into the strainer, and letting water run over it for three minutes. Once that was finished, he already had a pot of water. Everything measured precisely. That was brought to a boiling— which changed into a medium setting. He carted the rice to the pot. Once that was done, he moved his attention to the meat.

The meat was still raw. Undeveloped for his liking. Even with the soaking. To fix that, Glam rinsed the meat off again, and when all the dirtiness and excessive fat and grime came off, he was satisfied. He pats it dry for optimized cooking, next places it in the pot for cooking. The onions and peppers already saluted.

Of course you needed a vegetable alongside a grain and protein choice! So he simmered some frozen broccoli. While it wasn't fresh like he preferred— or usually made it, it was still decent for a tailored job like this.

Yet, out of all that mechanical cooking, something brought him out of his trance. The front door opened. Dee arrived. Yet something was different. A different mood. Dee's face was void of emotion as usual. Which didn't surprise Glam. Dee was his first born after all. However, a parent's instinct was like no other. Except, not all parents are made equal likewise to adolescents.

"Dee, I see you're home. Wonderful!" Glam pauses for a moment, his eyes searching the now halted Dee. Before they narrowed. His smile unwavering. "I couldn't help but notice you seem a bit off today. Likewise to the other weeks. So do tell, what is bothering you, Dee?"

Dee looks up at his father. His mouth dry. Dee opened his mouth to speak before it quickly closed. Dee sighed and shrugged everything off. Which annoyed Glam severely. He just never showed or told. Perhaps that's where his son gets it from.

"Dee? Please. Do. Tell." Glam patience was thinning. He wasn't a terrible father, and offered his children privacy often. They are allowed to have their own autonomy. Just… not this strange behavior. Strange behavior was a sign of lack of punctuality. It was…. Unscheduled for Glam.

That's when Dee finally spoke. "Nothing is bothering me. Just… a tiring day at school. And chess." He walks away to his room. Glam's eyes never left Dee's walking form. To be exact, Glam was pissed. Why did his son have to be such a hard head? As quickly as the thoughts came, they went away. He just shook his head and pertained to the smile stuck on his face. This family was far from perfect, and he's more than okay with that. But don't confuse it for unclean! Glam wasn't a fan of uncleanliness.

He shrugs and went back to dinner. A nice clean dinner.

When Dee made it to his room, he sighed and immediately threw himself onto the bed. His thoughts overwhelmed. What could he have done to make Lif so indifferent?! She was treating him as if he was nefarious! He runs his temples almost furiously. He wanted to yell. To shout. To break something. But he couldn't. Dee was the calm one. Not the loud overbearing one like Heavy. Or even his mother for crying out loud.

Dee felt like he was losing his mind. Truly. So much that he was beginning to break. The hiding the secrets, his father's words— Dee felt imperfect.

Dee took a few breaths. Trying to steady himself. He was being too emotional. He needed to think clearly like always. He sank to the floor instead now… and began watching YouTube video's regarding violin playing. That took his mind off of Lif; for now. It was a remedy for him.

Thirty minutes into watching the video, Dee learned more musical terms and more techniques he'd wanna try later to see if they'd cater to his abilities instead of creating a further hinderance. He took many mental notes and even scrambled to write some on his phone notes. As he entered the app and wrote a few things that intrigued him— he noticed a notification coming from the top. A message from…

Creepy_Bloody_Kitty.

Dee immediately frowned. In a heart beat he would've picked up. Looked at it immediately. But not now. At least. He was becoming exhausted and worn down. Perhaps it was foolish of him to even take a interest in her and go as far to learn where she lives. (Which wasn't hard to do mind you!) Eh. It was all normal for Dee. Besides public information is public info. But Dee's feelings were not public information.

Dee's feelings made him feel… unclean strangely enough. Like he wasn't good enough. Nevertheless, he was most likely reading too much into it. That's what his logical side told him.

What broke Dee out of his spiraling mini psychosis is the front door opening. Indicating it was around 6, and his mom was off of work. Another indicator that Glam was done with dinner. He heard Heavy leave his room to greet their mother and eat dinner. Dee sighed one last time, rubbed his temple, and began making his way down the stairs nonchalantly. Maybe family time would make him feel better. Although… he didn't feel hungry once more. Which was strange. He shrugged it off anyways. Like always.

When he took a seat at the dinner table, he took a look at the steak. On the side was seasoned rice and steamed broccoli which were seasoned as well to heighten the taste— or maybe it was his father's pet peeve to fix vegetables that came from the freezer. Whatever the case may be, It looked good. A balanced dinner. Buttery. Fulfilling, and just…delightful. Heavy and Victoria were already munching down on the food. Like barbarians as usual. Dee didn't feel hungry. His mind kept drifting back to Lif and orchestra. He tried to shake it off. Instead, it was his new plague in his mind. Causing an ache in his heart he wasn't even aware existed for the most part.

As Dee poked at his food, his family discussed their day as usual. Everyone getting a few minutes and yapping. Heavy having the most to say as usual. When the floor came onto Dee, he didn't have much to say.

"It was the same as usual. Classes, then chess club." Dee shrugged everything off. When his father pressed for more, Dee shot it down quickly. It was a second nature to him. He didn't like to read or disclose too many things about him. Sometimes Dee knew he lacked the emotional empathy. He didn't lack the intelligence for it though. He rather be in control of other's emotions than his own. Strange. He always could handle and observe others break downs, but never his.

As usual, he never finished his food. He gave the rest to Heavy.

Of course Glam was taking notice of this— just never said anything or gave it much more thought than needed. His sons would have their own autonomy.

Dee went away to his bedroom and immediately watched more violin videos. Taking note of everything. Although, when 8:00 came, he moved up and took a shower. The hot water and

soap always gave him warmth and the hug he needed. It took him 30 minutes solid to wrap up for the night as far as hygiene.

When that was all said and done, he heard a few doors shuffling and so on. Dee's mind wouldn't stop. No matter the food or routine he did. Or how many videos he tried to watch to disassociate his mind with the events of reality. Dee took a thoughtful hum as his head rolled to the side of the bed. That's when he knew he needed a stress reliever. He was tired of everyone's shit today.

He grabbed his phone, messaged some folks he knew. Grabbed some cash he kept hidden away in the box he had. He straightened up, and snuck out again. Not caring to be caught by the end of this. He was quiet and snuck out back. Wearing warm pajamas. His boots walking against the ground. The late night autumn breeze hitting his sweater for the night.

Dee walked to the abandoned park near the ceremony. Already, some classmates he knew was there. They had what he needed. Mother's nature voice.

He took some of the plant, a few hits, and Immediately he relaxed. It was out of character for Dee but he needed it. He was saving up his money… but… if Diane kept purchasing his tutoring service, then this would be a one time reckless purchase he was making. He bought $75 dollars worth. The seller scattering away.

Dee began quickly walking to the abandoned cemetery Lif showed him on a few occasions. Dee felt like a hallow but blissful body moving. It gave a nice breeze to be limp for once. His feet mindlessly walking. He snuck inside and immediately nuzzled into some bushes comfortably. Grabbing mother's nature gift to him—- and going into a blissful state. Everything around him became incoherent. His head lulled into the grass. His blonde locks a contrast to the greenness that was an embodiment of Mother Nature. He was starting to slip. He found himself giggling occasionally. Didn't help that his tolerance was low...

He was blissed out for 43 minutes. His high not coming to an end yet. Whatever this stuff was— it was strong and apparent for Dee. He giggled, cried, relaxed, nodded everything off — it was perfect. He didn't have a care in his world. Everyone's words, actions— stress— all in the back of his head now.

He felt something faintly warm on his cheek. A tug of some sorts. It felt like a hand but he couldn’t tell. Someone— or something was trying to pull him out of his trance. He heard a few vowels but he couldn’t make anything out. He just giggled— and soon his world became consumed in black.

Chapter 8: The piano has the organs of a violin. Strings.

Chapter Summary

> Sorry if it's shitty and I haven't updated in a while! I'm working on it all. You can check out my oneshots in the meantime of Dee and Lif!
>
> :)

The piano has the organs of a Violin. Strings.

"Oh shit! Dee! Dee! Wake up!" She shakes him. Her hand soon going to his cheek. He felt warm still. So that was good. Her pale, slender, fingers resting against his pulse. Her eyes frantically searching his. "Oh Dee!" She shook him a bit more but he felt limp soon. He didn't feel dead… just… out of it. Lif frowns.

It was late at night, and she decided to take a walk. She went to her favorite place obviously. The cemetery. That's when she stumbled across a fucked version of Dee. He looked so different. For a moment she admired his features. The way his eyebrows were relaxed. His makeup off. She saw his handsome, freckled, tanned skin. He looked so at peace… and not so tense as usual. She almost didn't want to disturb him… but she had to. To get him somewhere safely. It was 9:57pm.

He was a bit on the smaller end- so this would work nicely for her. She gently scoops him up in her arms. Carrying dead weight is harder than it looks. She almost fell back but caught herself on the heels on her boots. She took one deep breath to calm herself before dragging him away to tend to him and his health.

She did have some trouble carrying him back to her place. She had a mini debate in her head. 'Take him back to his home or her home? And tell his parents what? Did he even ask to come to the cemetery alone, late at night? Probably not. He most likely snuck out…' Lif's mind was racing with ideas and possibilities. She could either cover for his ass or take him back at home where he belonged rightfully.

Finally, she came to a single conclusion. Take him back to her place. It would limit the possibilities of him getting into too much trouble. Sure his parents were cool— but they'd probably kill Dee! Speaking of, how could Dee be so irresponsible? This was out of character for Dee.. which made Lif worry.

She carried him to her house and made it there safely. She checked his pulse, which was still going at a good pace for now. Ordinary and expected. She turns and shuffles in her makeup bag for some pills. Her eyebrows furrowing as her hands search quickly. "Cmon… cmon… I gotta have something in here— ah-hah!" She grabbed some ibuprofen. She's never dealt with someone who's beyond stoned- so perhaps this would help? She didn't quite know.

She walked away from her room and into the kitchen. She grabbed a cold bottle of water before returning to Dee. Propping all of it nearby her nightstand for him to consume when he awoken. She lets out a thoughtful hum before turning on her heel and into her drawer. She needed to change into pajamas and tend to her own self care for the night. She left into the bathroom to change and get ready for bed.

—-

When Dee awoken, he groaned and immediately looked around. 'Where the hell am I..?' It took him a moment to adjust to the setting. His eyes dropping and squinting harshly. If being kidnapped in a room that is completely dark, tons of plushies on the side of the bed, many glass cases around the room, and clothing sprawled over the floor meant kidnapping? Then surely this couldn't be it.

The door creaked inside Lif's bedroom, revealing a person in The Nightmare Before Christmas pajama themed pants, and a black shirt ontop with socks. Dee sat up trying to figure it all out. His vision was very blurry— or maybe his mind was? He didn't know.

"Dee! You're awake! Lif rushed to his side and immediately checked his pulse, temp, and forced him to drink the water alongside the meds. Which he found gross trying to swallow. He blinks and tiredly laid down.

"Lif…? Is that you..?"

“Obviously dummie! I happened to be at the cemetery and that’s when I saw you! Stoned and passed out.” She soon frowns and looks into his blue orbs. She was concerned. She countined on. “Dee, are you alright? I thought you freaking OD or something! You know I’m always here for you…” she says with a gentleness like no other.

Dee blushes a bit when he realizes how close they were and how soft her voice sounded. Soft like vanilla on a soft served. His mouth opened and closed but nothing came out. He was truly.. just.. in aw. She had saved him— and brought him back to her place for care. Now he felt shitty.

Lif noticed the blush. She always did. She just never said anything. She mumbles. “You’re such a goof… I was worried.. ya know..?” She soon crawls on the right side of the bed for her own resting purposes. Laying right next to him casually.

Dee’s body instantly turned towards hers and for a moment they’re staring at each other in awkward silence. Before Dee spoke up eventually.

“I’m sorry… to put you through all that trouble.” He mutters. Lif just smiles and shakes her head quietly. “It was no problem.” She turned away and fell asleep within a matter of seconds. The stress and turmoil of today really did it. Not to mention, Lif was greeted with a surprise earlier this week.

Her period. That’s why she was acting so strange towards Dee. Of course, Dee never knew.

Dee felt awkward. He turned away to stop looking at Lif like a creep.

——

By morning, Dee was gone and at home. Maybe it was embarrassment or a self epitome. When Lif woke up, her hair was sprawled all over the place and she felt a lack of warmth.

Lif frowns and yawns softly, stretching out her arms and body like a cat. A bit saddened by the fact Dee had left so quickly, but she got up and went to the bathroom.

She showered, got dressed, dealt with her menstrual, brushed her hair, put her contacts in, and emerged from the bathroom.

She was all tidy for today! Although, Dee was in the back of her head. Just why had he done what he did? What was going on with her friend? She could guess all day. She didn't want to ask or intrude on his business, but her concern never faded away with him. Of course, she knew how he'd stare at her when he thought she wasn't looking, or the fact that he got super nervous to her. She knew he had a crush on her.

She always knew.

She knew it was a huge "coincidence" when the same boy she looked at from the escape room went to the same school as her.

Or found her again and again. It seemed like their paths didn't stop crossing after that.

She knew, and always would know. It was just more fun to obvious.

But now? Now she was starting to think about Dee way more. She'd totally have to confront him later to figure out what all that was! After all, the piano and violin had more in common. They both were filled with strings.

strings that always attached and met.

Chapter 9: Try Not To Break the Violin's Strings

Chapter Summary

"So please take me back! It won't be the same!" -Mike Korl

Dee felt like shit. He probably was shit for that matter. He felt terrible, having Lif take care of him like that. He didn't need a charity case.

His mental was slowly decreasing. The only thing keeping him going was the love for the violin. Other than that, every day seemed bland as is. Where he stood socially? He didn't even know, and couldn't care either.

So, as soon as he got home, he took a hot shower. Practically burning himself in the process. It always helped with the guilt that came up throughout the day, or anything like that. Hot water. Hot water always helped. Felt soothing.

When he got done, he tidied up his appearance and got changed into some comfortable neutral clothes. He laid in bed, huddled up in some blankets, and fell asleep. It wasn't until 12:31 he'd wake up again.

~~~~~~

When he awoken in the afternoon, he stretched and yawned. He felt hot and sweaty. That led to him taking off the covers and reaching for his phone absentmindedly.

"Me, your mother, and Heavy went out to grab lunch. We will be home later."

That was sent at 10:58 from his dad. He just sighed. Maybe now he could practice his violin in some peace and quiet. He went downstairs, outside, and grabbed his violin from outback.
~~~~~~

He might've been impaired last night, but that didn't stop him from keeping his routine in check— much more his secret hidden. He went back into his room and practiced.

He got comfy on his bed, put on a few videos, and began learning as so. He was learning C and D major. Easy enough once you get music theory down, right? The strings weren't clean. Far from it actually. But hey, we all start somewhere. Though, it didn't stop Dee's growing frustration. Every-time he played wrong— or had to replay the video, he felt his patience thin. He didn't want to rush the process… but this was just becoming unbearable.

32 minutes passed, and he still couldn't just play the D major properly. He got the C major down perfectly. He tried to string the D major, one last time before snapping.

"***DAMN IT!***"

He hissed and tossed his violin aside, burying his head in his hands. Why couldn't he do anything right? That's when his father's words came back in his mind, like a plague. For once, Dee cried tears of frustration.

"I will never be good enough damn it…never good enough." He practically sobbed those words out under his breath. Soon yanking at his curls. Luckily, he didn't have on any makeup, so that prevented any leakage.

The pity party quickly stopped when he heard the family car pull up in the driveway. He quickly grabbed the violin case, and stuffed the violin inside. Shoving it under his bed to furthest extent it could go. He could've used the chest in his room, but he didn't have enough time to fiddle for the keys. He quickly wiped his teary eyes away, before standing up and hurrying down the stairs; while fixing his hair up. He looked fine enough.

He opened the door for his family— Heavy being the first one inside— practically bombarding past Dee.

"Dee! You're finally up! Gosh, you were knocked out earlier! You never sleep that late!"

Dee just shrugs. “Guess I was really tired last night…”

The door opened again, and Victoria was carrying a large pizza for the family to split. “Hey princess! See you’re finally up!” She teases Dee who only shakes his head. Glam followed behind, carrying a large 2L soda to divide amongst them.

They sat the stuff on the table. Everyone went to go wash their hands, before sitting at the table. It was fairly quiet. No one had anything to share. Not even Dee. It was just… normal eating lunch.

Dee ate one slice, offered his other to Heavy, and stood up. “Thank you Ma and Pa for the food.” He quickly cleaned the corners of his mouth, put his plate in the sink, threw away the tissue and hurriedly excused himself before anyone could say a word to him. He went to his room and laid in bed. Tiredly and full of exhaustion. He scrolled on his socials for a bit, and looked at more YouTube videos before ultimately drifting off to sleep.

Maybe it was a bit of the crying from earlier leaving him a bit more tired than usual. He just fell back asleep. He didn’t really.. have much to do or look forward to. He never even woke up to eat dinner. He didn’t feel hungry anyways.

~~~~

Monday came right around the corner. The weekend was quick and fast as usual. He left home pretty earlier than usual. He didn’t bother to stay, and left a note stating so. He’d be skipping breakfast and formalities. Which is exactly what he needed for today. He didn’t really want to talk. Besides, he needed to sneak his violin out of the house quietly. Which worked finely.

The morning walk was quite chilly. Luckily he had his jacket and wrapped himself in it for some warmth and heat. He enjoyed the cold air most of the time. The chilling brought comfort to the endless thoughts in his minds. Thoughts that never seemed to quiet down. Especially his father’s words. Cruel worlds to be exact. Maybe Dee needed to toughen up. That’s what he told himself constantly.
~~~~

When he got to school, he didn't go to the cafeteria. He went to a secluded spot and sat with his violin case and phone. No social interaction suited him now. He didn't want to talk to anyone from the orchestra either. He just wanted quiet. More time alone.

When the bell rang, he immediately went to his first hour class. The first one there. Then the school day carried on as usual. New assignments, new lessons, and more things he simply couldn't care about. He hadn't even talked to Diana for studying purposes. For lunch, he didn't eat a full course. Just some fruits and that was it.

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Finally, the end of the day came, and it was time for orchestra. He hadn't talked to Lif, and didn't want to. He was still embarrassed about their last encounter. He didn't want to be a fucking charity case. It was pathetic, really. He didn't respond to any of her messages, or even text her to begin with. Didn't even sit with her at lunch. He was isolating himself for others.

When he arrived, everyone was already there. Chatting it up or what not.

Dimitri: "Hey Dee!" He called out and waved. Leading to melody, harmony, and some of the others to follow suite. Greeting Dee and giving him polite gestures.

"Hey guys…" he said quietly and waved back. He sat in a corner by himself practicing. Across the room, there was Lif. She was talking to some of the others in the band, and not even batting an eye towards Dee. Sorta stung but he brushed it off. Their friendship recently has been on and off. With Dee's regressing mental health, he didn't even care. She seemed so happy… around them. Perhaps he wasn't good for her. Maybe she did deserve all the sunshine and light. That's a new thought that occurred to Dee. That added to it actually. He closed his eyes, trying to brush it all off. '*Please go away… please stop*.' Is what he told himself inside. Not wanting his frustration to appear. He wanted these thoughts to stop. His affections for her were dimmed down. Constantly chasing someone— it was fun at first, but now…? He's focused on other things at the moment.
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He played by himself for the two hours that were allowed. With some help from Ms. K, he was able to string D major perfectly. He moved onto more majors and moving the rosin bow in harmony. He was provided a new music sheet to try to study and play once he got home. Something like that. Whenever he had free time. It would really improve on his skills and knowledge, and that's the encouragement Ms. K gave.

When the two hours of practice were done with, and the room was back to being tidy, he grabbed his instrument and began to walk out of the auditorium. That was until Lif quickly caught up to him. Finally looking his way.

Lif; "Dee! Wait up!"

Dee: "hm..?" He turned around and stared at the raven haired girl infront of him.

Lif: "Can I walk with you? Please..?" She smiles sheepishly.

Dee: "Sure." Thats all he said. He slowed down to walk with her. They exit the school building and were walking home. It was quiet, and peaceful. The sun going down. For Lif it was awkward, but for Dee? It was comforting.

Lif: "So… Dee? Can we talk… about Friday night? Saturday morning? Please…? I'm just concerned…" she finally broke the tension and silence with the deepest question she could ever ask. She didn't want to pry, but she was genuinely considered for Dee.

Dee felt his stomach churned. He dreaded talking about this with her— and that's the main reason why he was even avoiding her. He looked away and his hand, carrying the violin, fiddled with the top of the bracket out of nervousness. His mouth felt all dry and his speech hindered.

Dee: "I….er…" he didn't know what to say. Or think. He didn't feel comfortable enough to talk about it. Clean enough to talk about it. He began losing himself in his thoughts before Lif's fingers faintly touched his. Brining him back to earth. Grounded once more.

Lif; “im here for you Dee. Ya know? I’m not going to judge you… I… I understand. May I show you something?”

Dee slowly nods and his eyebrows furrows slightly in confusion.

She stopped walking and he did too. She took off her spike bracelets , and on her wrist, were old but fully healed cuts. She sighs softly before chuckling. “I know it looks terrible— but they’re old! I swear! I don’t do it anymore.. and you probably think I’m some freak or attention seeking person, don’t you? Everyone thought that. Truth be told— this was before the medicine! I’m completely sane now! So— Dee… I understand pain and certain coping methods. I really do. Just.. talk to me… please?” She spoke so quickly that it was all so sudden for Dee.

The second she showed him, his heart dropped and his face conveyed horror. He gently reached out and held her wrist. He spoke so quietly. Meekly. “Oh Lif…” He frowns and stares at them. His thumb faintly tracing over the many scars. He just… felt so many things in one.

She gently pulls her wrist back and puts her wristlets back on. Her fingers interlocking with his. “Dee… I completely understand everything. I do— and that was my proof. So please. Talk to me… please. I know how it feels to… not be able to express yourself...” She whispers gently. Dee sighs and looked away.

It took him a few contemplating moments before he looked at Lif. He… was going to be honest. So finally, all that churning went away and he spoke with his heart. Not logic. What he truly felt. That heavy weight that felt like endless daggers on his heart.

“I… I don’t know why I got high Lif. I don’t know why I did any of it. I’m a smart kid— and I know that. So why the fuck did I do it?! I don’t know. I don’t have bad parents, I get fed, I have home, clothes, and everything I could imagine but— I just can’t! I feel like I’m not good enough. And I never will be! Not for my father. No no no! I will never be a good musician like Heavy, damn it! Why am I so talentless…?” And that did it. He sobbed. His makeup running down his face now.

Lif listened to it all, and gently wiped his tears away. Soon wrapping her arms around him as he cried into her shirt. He sobbed… and sobbed. It took him a few moments to even regain his composure.

"Shh… shh… it's okay Dee. I'm here… I'm always here." She coos gently in his ear. Providing him comfort that he never knew he needed in months. she felt her own eyes burn hot and tear up a bit. They were vulnerable and understanding each other.

Dee's sobs quieted down into sniffles and he took deep breaths. It took a few to calm down before her completely quiet. Somehow, his forehead found hers, and she found his. Their foreheads resting against each other's. Maybe it was a natural understanding that led them to this point. A shared feeling of pain.

Both of their eyes were closed, and arms faintly around each other. There was no more tension around them. Just understanding. Which turned into something more.

Lif opened her eyes, and Dee did too.

They stared at each other for a moment. Their eyes searching eachother. Why? Neither one of them could tell you. It was just a shared feeling.

It didn't take long before the two's lips connected and they were kissing. All that hatred— uncertainty… annoyance, hell— even miscommunication just disappeared. In a poof.

To them, it was just… a kiss. An urge to have someone finally get you, and now you crave that understanding way more.

But in truth? It was a trauma bonding kiss. Nothing romantic about that. Neither of them having the wisdom or mental capacity to understand that. So they kept kissing. It was a heat in a moment type of thing.

Lif held Dee's face more firmly now and Dee's hands tightened around her waist, pushing her further into the kiss as well. That lasted a few moments before both of them pulled away.

They stared at each other. Maybe it confusion. Maybe it was trying to convey a message deeper than that. Whatever it was, it led to both of them smiling.

"Dee? Can you promise me something?"

"Depends on what it is…"

"Promise to talk to me? To get the help you may need?"

"Hn."

"Please?"

"Alright fine. I will… *try*."

Silence…

"What does this make us now…?"

"Whatever you want us to be…"

That was left unspoken, and they kissed again. Kissed until their lips were swollen.

Chapter 10: Restringing the Violin

Chapter Summary

"Happiness is a thing to be practiced, like the violin." — John Lubbock

After that evening walk with Lif, Dee has improved. It has been 6 months since then. Now it is April. The spring concert wasn't until May. So they still had some time to improve.

Dee has mastered many fundamentals of violin, and now he is intermediate! Pretty impressive for only a few months of playing. Half a year actually. His mental improved a ton. Lif helped him— and he actually sought out help. He found a therapist, and Lif decided to try one too! So they were improving. Now about their relationship? It was still undetermined. They didn't want anything to be complicated, but it sorta was.

Neither of them wanted to PROPERLY date or form relations until they were stable, but the feelings are very much there and mutual. The most affections they give nowadays, is cheek kisses and holding hands in private. If they weren't official, there was no need to be publicly displayed.

Not to mention, neither of them have told their parents. Very SCANDELOUS.

Dee also has became more social and comfortable: especially with the orchestra club. He has even amended a basic understanding with Diana.

But… there was still one unresolved… "problem" persay. Dee was barely home. He didn't want to be home. He didn't know why. He had it great! He was grateful… but… for some reason, he preferred to be anywhere else BUT home. So often than not, when he came home, he went to his room, and always went to sleep before dinner was done. If he didn't do that, then he'd most likely sneak out hours later. Spending the night at Lif's.

He got so comfortable at Lif's place that a good chunk of his belongings were there.

So when he got home one evening, Dee was just going to go to his room, stay for a bit, and presumably sneak out. That was the plan at least. Until… he was stopped by his father who was already in the kitchen, cooking dinner as usual.

"Ah, Dee, you are finally home. How was school?"

"It was fine…"

"Splendid. I do have a concern I'd like to talk to you about. You barely eat. We barely see you. Why is that? Are the meals not up to your liking?"

"No— pa, the cooking is fine. I just… don't really… eat heavy amounts of food." He tried to brush it all off. He didn't answer the other question, in hopes his father would back off.

"And the sneaking out often at night?"

Dee's heart dropped, but he kept his face and composure straightened. Not giving any satisfaction of a "slip up"

"Why would ***I*** sneak out every night?"

"That's what I'm trying to figure out, Dee. So care to elaborate?"

Dee felt his palms grow a bit clammy. Probably sweat from nervousness.

"….. I just need fresh air. That's all." He shrugs.

"Alright." Glam kept cutting the vegetables. This sorta surprised Dee. No more questioning or prying? This was strange. Too strange for his liking.

Dee went to his room and sank onto his bed. Sighing and covering his face in his hands. At least nobody knew about the hidden violin. His father didn't bring that up, so that's a blessing.

Dee would probably sneak out again tonight. It was better that way. Dee just.. couldn't stand being here in these suffocating walls, damn it.

He'd leave earlier than usual. No point in hiding it. Or caring for the consequences. He quietly snuck out the window. Climbed down using the pipes or what not, and quietly came down. He grabbed his violin hidden outback, and snuck through the opened portion of the fence.

Once he was in the clear, he began walking to Lif's house. His thoughts not too cloudy, but definitely going back to his father questioning. It was all so strange. He just couldn't think of any probabilities. Or how the hell he knew. He just sighed and focused his attention on Lif's house.

When he got there, he snuck in as usual. Lif was expecting him (he always texted beforehand to see if it was okay.). He climbed through her window and she was already on her bed, practicing the piano. Her parents were on a business trip, sooo, volume wasn't really a problem.

"Dee! You're here!" Her face lights up when she sees him. She got up and ran over, kissing his cheek. Dee's face turned red and a piece of his hair popped out to the front. It was adorable to Lif.

"Uh… hi Lif…" he was shy again around her. She gave him a few more kisses on the cheek before guiding him toward her bed.

"Practice and sleepover?"

He nodded, still too flustered to speak.

Lif grins. “Cool.” She corrected her posture and began playing. She was practicing Beethoven’s Für Elise. It sounded lovely. She was so focused and in-tuned with it. Her eyebrows furrowing and red eyes concentrating on the music piece as her fingers just moved methodically. Pressing each key accordingly. Just for a few months, she was striving. Perhaps the instrument really does choose YOU. You don’t choose it.

Dee turned and sat next to Lif, his back against her wall. He began playing his violin. His piece was Bach’s Air on the G String. It gave him a challenge but he got through with it. Of course, these were considered warm up pieces. For the concert they had the following to play. This would play in a duration of an hour.

Intermission:

•Ivy- Frank Ocean

•Rolling in the Deep - Adele

•Uptown Funk - Bruno Mars

•World’s Smallest Violin -AJR

Second half

- Beethoven: Symphony No. 5 (1st Mvt) – Intense & Famous (approx. 7 mins)
- Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 (Ode to Joy) – Uplifting & Magnificent (approx. 15 mins)
- The 2nd Partita by Bach (Dee’s solo)
- Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto No. 2 in C minor (Lif’s solo)
- Mozart: Violin Sonatas, particularly K. 301 and K. 304. (Dee’s and Lif’s Piano/Violin Duet)

Final

- Benjamin Britten’s "The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra.” (Everyone will play this together.)

(The school doesn’t have enough money to pay Miss K for a longer concert sooo… it’s a little short. The high schoolers wanted the intermission to be pop songs. So to get concert ticket sales up, Miss K included that. For the community they’d hear the full on orchestra, which is hella cool.)

Those are the pieces that they'd be playing! So they'd have to study those. They have been for a long time now actually. Dee felt pretty confident in his performance. Lif has been a little stressed— just a smidge.

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Dee and Lif practiced until 11. They were exhausted and by the end, they were getting a little sloppy. Which was terrible, but hey; exhaustion gotta count for something. Dee carefully put his violin in its case, and Lif put her keyboard in its respectful cover.

"Hey Dee, I'm hungry. Wanna order some pizza?"

"I'd love that." He smiles and already grabbed his phone. His location was automatically set to Lif's (since he stayed there more often than not.) He ordered their usuals. Medium Pepperoni pizza with some wings. A side of soda too. It was a nice dinner between them. He payed (especially since he had quite a few bucks with him.)

He placed ordered and immediately Lif wrapped her arms around his neck, resting his head on his shoulders.

"Dee.. I'm a bit anxious for the concert."

"Why? We've been practicing for months. If anything you're going to do amazing." Dee always found Lif pure perfection.

"I dunno… maybe it's my solo… what if I press the wrong key? Or forget?! Didn't you hear Ms. K the other day? There will be THREE THOUSAND people from the community coming to watch! Even from different towns! Orchestra is what they crave!" Lif groans and plopped her back against the bed. Signing tiredly.
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Dee comfortingly hums and laid next to her. *'Gosh she's so beautiful. I'd keep her forever.'* His eyes couldn't turn away from her. She was just so perfect.

"Dee?" She caught him looking at her and her cheeks turned a faint red. She always got flustered when he admired her. At least now. Months ago, she wouldn't have cared. But since they were something, everything felt more… meaningful.

"Sorry…. Uh… yeah…?" He felt his face heat up a smidge when he got caught.. but he'd stare at her and admire her for centuries if the opportunity was presented to him.

Lif just chuckles, leaning toward and giving him a chaste kiss. "You're such a dork.." she whispered quietly. Leaning her forehead against his and closing her eyes.

Des closed his eyes after a while and remained close. They stayed like that until the pizza man arrived, hearing a knock at the door.

Dee sighed, being pulled out of his trance. "I'll be right back." Lif nodded. She was halfway drifting into sleep. He pulled away and got up, walking down the stairs. It was a given that he'd go. He had the tip money in his hand.

He answered the door, took the food, and gave the man the money. Once he left, he locked the door up and sat the food on the dining table. Lif was slowly trotting down the stairs a bit tiredly. She'd got comfortable in Dee's embrace earlier, and it was pretty late.

They ate, cleaned up, and fell asleep in Lif's bed. It was pretty comforting. Everything was gonna be just fine.

The violin was finally restringed, and now it plays the most perfect melodies.

Chapter 11: AN

Chapter Summary

Author note!

Hi guys! I'm so sorry! I meant to update this story, but exams and birthday's came up and so much more. (I passed with all A's and 1 B+ so yay!) anyways, I will be coming back to this over the story. I promise you guys!!! I didn't forget about this. I view it everyday, but the last time I wrote was break. Other than that I've been so busy. Love you guys. Stay weird and cool. Stay Dee Snider!

-EverlastingEvanescence

Chapter 12: The Violin can only create indefinite sounds with the help of other instruments.

Chapter Summary

This is a masterpiece right here lol

“I wonder what they’re going to play at the concert! Wait— aren’t you in the orchestra? I never heard you play!” Heavy gleams at his older brother as they walk to school.

Dee sighs for what felt like the millionth time. Talking to Heavy was like talking to an imbecile!

“Heavy, your shoes are untied.”

Heavy looked down— a face of realization dawning down his face and he leaned down for a moment and tied them. Dee kept walking anyways. He switched the topic smoothly and used Heavy’s shoe laces as a scapegoat.

For the remainder of time that they walked, Dee didn’t speak much. It was like this usually. Of course Heavy was his foil. Heavy talked nonstop, and his words fell in Dee’s ears. Sometimes Dee would listen— and other times Heavy’s nonsense would spew out of one ear to the other.

They arrived at school, and immediately departed to their classes.

Dee’s boots clanked against the ground, the chains surrounding them making constant “chinks” against each other. He pushed one earbud into his ear, playing some heavy metal.

He arrived to calc, and immediately took a seat. He rested his head in his palm, slowly lulling himself into his own mind. Calc seemed more lecture based than independent work.

What a boring way to start the day.

A few class periods pass, and lunch starts nearing. It was the usual. The bell ringing, people surrounding the halls, flooding into classes, settling in, and pencils clinking against the wooden desk.

It wasn’t until a school announcement came on, that made the repetition conclude.

“All orchestra students, please make your way to the auditorium. May all orchestra students, please make your way to the auditorium.”

Dee was finally brought out of his trance. He stood up, and grabbed his bag. Packing up to leave. At least, until a voice just had to interrupt him.

“So you’re in orchestra? I’m surprised for someone like you.” Something about that tone made Dee irritated, but he didn’t lose his composure over it. He took a bored glance at whoever said that.

Diana.

Just right when he thought they were getting somewhere. He would give a quick quip, but not today. He had bigger fish to fry.

Dee’s face was highly unamused and he simply sighed. Grabbing his bag and exiting the classroom.

The second that door closed, Diana frowned slightly as she thought upon this interaction. She just had to mess it up… didn’t she?

Dee walked down to the auditorium, taking the longest way possible. When he arrived, everyone was there, setting up for the concert for tonight.

Melody was passing out music sheets and being awfully bubbly, Cadenza was sweeping the stage, Ivan and Nikolai carried the big instruments and propped them up accordingly, and Boris was busy setting up the ticket table. Benjamin, Walton, Sonatina, and Elena carefully labeled each seat for each guest. It was either that or setting up the cameras for the photographers usage.

And last, but not least, Lif was carefully stringing the piano. Her hair was straightened to her perfection, and seeing her hair naturally fold to the side, getting caught in some strings were memorizing.

Dee’s once bored eyes— soon lit up with a warmth. An unfamiliar warmth. Not the warmth that would rush up to his cheeks when he saw Lif. Not the warmth when he would stumble on his words infront of her.

He climbed the few stage stairs and came behind her, just watching her. He was adorned to her.

It wasn’t until she sliced the side of her index finger with a sharp string by the piano, that she noticed Dee. Her eyes sharpened and she hissed back— soon falling into something that moved too.

Her unofficial boyfriend, Dee.

His cheeks flusher slightly, providing an embarrassing warmth. As quickly as she fell back onto him, he carefully grabbed her and steadied her.

“Sorry…” he muttered incoherently, soon stuttering. Lif merely smiled, not saying a word. She moved forward and went back to leaning over the piano.

They’ve gotten so comfortable with each other, that they don’t have to speak every passing moment. It could be a simple look or smile that would make everything just… calm and better. Complete.

Dee soon turned his back and began helping prepare for the concert.

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Once everything was set up, Ms K graced the stage and grabbed her microphone. Everyone was sat and looking up at her.

“Alright, thank you, thank you! I know we have a big show for tonight, and you guys are going to do amazing. In the time I have known you all, this has been the best year ever. You all have improved tremendously, and tonight, is theeeee night you show off your incredible talent and your growth. We go live in 3 hours. If you wish to go home, that’s fine. If you wish to stay, that’s cool too! Practice, freshen up, or whatever you must do. Next week is our last week together, and we will have a banquet.”

Miss K took a bow and left the stage. Everyone clapped and cheered. This was going to be a night for everyone to remember.

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30 minutes before the concert

Everyone was propped up on stage, nicely dressed. Anxiously reviewing or cracking their knuckles. Some picking at their skin— of their fingers. Anything to pass the anxiety. It was awfully silent— except for the few jokes Dimitri tried to tell them. At least to calm their nerves, which was a fail.

Everyone looked stunning, but anxious in the face.

Lif had her hair straightened completely, her red eye contacts in, and a long pencil skirt with a corset paired with a blouse. Her long nails painted black. Not to mention, she decorated her face with sharp eyeliner.

Sonatina wore her hair in a high up ponytail, earrings forming an air of elegance. Not to mention she wore dozens of silver rings on her pale, long, fingers. a black, classic, pressed, suit— but with large leg pants. Not to mention, she wore heels that made her so tall.

(Tbh I got lazy so imagine what everyone else is wearing. I’m too proud of these two descriptions to delete them.)

Anyways, Miss K. Came in, gave everyone quick reassurance. She even kindly passed out waters, which most gulped.

Melody rested her clarinet against her head, Sonatina had a blank look to her, but her eyes held a hint of vulnerability— that only the orchestra club knew. For she was that secretive.

All the guys but Dee and Boris made jokes to pass the time and nervousness, in which everyone listened but gave nervous, broken chuckles.

Lif kept her head down staring at the keys. Praying— just praying that today her meds would show her mercy and not cause her any unnecessary embarrassments— or emotions that would be uncomfortable or make a fuss.

Dee tried to give her reassuring looks— but each time, she'd give a half assed smile, keep her mouth shut, and turn her head away. Dee frowned… feeling remorseful for not being the exact comfort she could want. He sighs and simply hugs his limbs in his chair. Burying his face in his knees.

Anxiety was the prominent feeling in the room.

3 minutes before the concert

It was nothing but jittery doubts. Meaningless but assuring good lucks. The curtain was closed too.

Dimitri stood up and gave Melody a few playful pecks to ease her nerves. She softly giggles and looks up at him, speaking so softly to him. They were so public about their feelings— that it was almost painful to watch their happiness.

Dee grabbed his phone with a sigh. He looked and reviewed text messages. Earlier— he lied to his parents. Said the chess club would also be holding a tournament and he'd be staying late. Likewise to the orchestra club. It made sense… didn't it? Multiple clubs happen at once, so the lie was… a decently crafted one. He really didn't want them to know he was here. He would never let them see this.

"BRING SHAME TO ME? BRING SHAME TO OUR FAMILY NAME?!!" The memory replayed constantly and Dee closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

Lif had taught him this method when he was recovering from his last mental break. The stress of his father lingered in his mind… but he was getting better at managing said stress. He was learning to accept things for what they are, and keep it pushing. At least that's what he told himself. He opened his eyes and left the thoughts in his head behind.

The rest of the orchestra club reviewed their music sheets one last time. Muscle memory would work in the favor than last minute review: but what could you tell a bunch of orchestra kids?

The chatter from behind the curtain made everyone anxious. People were coming in and settling in, excitement in the air for the people gathering to watch.

30 seconds before the concert

“Hello everyone! We proudly welcome you all to Tchaikovsky the third High School, 2026 Orchestra concert! We ask that you remain seated and silent at all times. We will begin with a mix of pop music selected by the students, and then we will trickle down into the classical pieces. Once again— we welcome you and hope you have an amazing time! Please enjoy the show!”

The curtains opened. Everyone’s hearts pounded out their chest— or their palms were covered in sweat.

Violet stood in-front, of the orchestra, and started conducting. Everything naturally began to flow into place. It was beautiful. Ephemeral.

The younger generation cheered and clapped when they heard all of the pop songs. They hollered and roared with excitement— with understanding of hearing their own music. Not some old people music. (At least that’s what most of them thought classical was.)

A rare— but promising smile couldn’t be helped but to be spread against Dee’s face. He genuinely felt… content and happy. He felt like a pure extension of his instrument. The way his fingers worked diligently and carefully against the strings gave him more than satisfaction. He felt free.

Every negative thoughts just… gone.

He was even able to close his eyes and play. The air felt lighter and all of that anxiety was gone… just like that. He felt whole.

When they concluded the pop section, they took a quick intermission. The cheer crowded, while some left to use the bathroom or grab snacks. Even conversations about the concert.

The curtain closed and the orchestra team cheered for themselves and congratulated each other. It was magnifying, really.

It was quick congrats, really. Flashy smiles, group hugs— just for a quick moment before they all rushed back to their seats and fixed their posture and positions.

Now it was the classic part.

The elders seemed amazed— much more amazed than the younger crowd now, which was fine.

Although… Dee felt that spark of adrenaline go through him as they continued. It'd be his solo soon.

He took a deep breath as they finished Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 (Ode to Joy) – Uplifting & Magnificent (approx. 15 mins)

The audience clapped, and there was a few moments of silence. The rest of the orchestra club removed their hands from their instruments, and the spotlight turned to Dee.

Dee felt his heart pound harder than earlier. One last shaky breath, before he started moving his trembling fingers against bow.

It was perfect. Even if his fingers trembled. It was the uncertainty. The cat and mouse between the fingers and the bow. Most importantly his mind. The sharp cut offs— the clearness of the song.

All 3,000 and some odd numbers kept their eyes on Dee as he played. His face relaxed. It was all perfect. The Chaconne played to a perfect T— it was as if this was Dee's calling. His fingers worked gracefully along the bow. His face now relaxed and the posture keen.

It was like Bach was in the room himself, giving a world of music. Telling a story like no other. The rash and abruptness— then to soft and steady— but firm notes hummed throughout the orchestra hall.

Soft gasps of came from the crowd of amazement.

He poured the last of his energy into the solo and finally— he harshly snatched the bow away from the violin as he finished. A sudden ending. It helped with the suspense-fulness the song offered. It shows the harshness Bach intended to conclude the song. A twist.

He halted the piece, completely done. For a moment there was not a single breath passed. Not a word muttered or a finger moved. Dee looked at the crowd; almost breathless from his own adrenaline and pride at his work.

Firm and genuine astonished claps came. Some stood up, and just hollered for Dee. Dee smiled and his eyes looked at the crowd. Everyone. He saw genuine amazement. Some kids who didn't like him— didn't talk to him— or even know or acknowledge of his existence until now was just blown away. It was a undertone of respect for Dee now. Perhaps this was Dee's true calling.

Dee felt happiness like no other, and as his eyes glazed over the crowd, his blue pupils saw a unique shade of blue, fluffy blonde hair, and two long red heads. That's when he felt his heart drop.

His family was here. He saw Heavy jumping up and down with excitement, and Victoria cheering louder than anyone in that section. Proudly saying that is her kid. Aunt Anna had her usual smirk— which was rare since… well… she was a bit cold to Dee and Heavy. It was a surprise she even came.

And you can't forget uncle Ches. He had his usual relaxed and sloppy grin, saying something Dee couldn't make out. He couldn't make out any of it.

Another surprise was his aunt Lydia (who barely spoken to them. How she came about is another story for another day). For once in her stuck up appearance, her eyes held a glint of interest in Dee's performance. A thought or two of a comparison between him and his father most definitely crossed her mind. Other from that; she seemed stuck-upy and stuffy.

But most importantly, his father was there, and for once Dee couldn't make out his face. Perhaps it was the anxiety. Dee wasn't sure. Dee wasn't sure he wanted to be sure. He felt… something inside of him just… change. He wanted to hurl. They were such an asinine and boisterous family, he just… wasn't expecting them to see this show. Nothing he accounted for — the lies and it all— could prepare him for this.

The stage lights shifted onto the orchestra, and now it was time for Dee's and Lif's solo. Dee was still in his own head, and Lif noticed. His face was so lost in thought, Lif couldn't help but to assume he'd miss their key to play.

A moment of silence passed, and soon enough, Lif played the piano methodically. Every note having a careful measure and over lapse of each other. Dee was a bit late, the realization dawning on him. Which was expected on Lif's end.

He caught up fairly enough, but he wasn't playing the right notes for this song. Yet— it all came together. Dee played with a form of anxiety. And you can tell by the expression the notes played. How short and elapsed they were, or how they played. Dee played with emotion. Not his usual thought.

Dee was very strategic, but it was no lie he had this emotions of his mother. Once you get past the surface level. Once you get past the strings, you'll see just how hallow the violin really is. It can be so heavy, but yet make up the smallest and precise pieces. And just right when you tap it? You'll hear nothing but a hallow echo.

The song came together exceptional, even if it was two different songs altogether. It's like… Dee's fingers took control while his mind processed a lot.

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The end of the concert game, and everyone from the orchestra club stood up. Alongside Miss K. They turned to the crowd and did a theatrical bow, three times. Gifts were thrown onto the stage, and the orchestra hall was the loudest room in the whole building. Even the town sleeping in their homes could hear it.
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The orchestra club went behind stage, and immediately they cheered. Everyone but Dee. Hell, even Sontania cheered.

‘Good job everyone! We made it!’ Dimitri practically beamed, and he was so joyous he picked up his girlfriend and hurled her over his shoulder.

Melody softly gasped and clung onto Dimitri best to her ability. Giggling softly and playfully moving her legs in a rhythmic movement. ‘Oh put me down!’

‘Everyone! You all did amazing tonight! Your performances were beyond stellar! Now, you are all free to do as please. Check in with your families, change, stay behind the curtains— just be gone before 9 pm!’

Everyone clapped and roared again, some even hugging Miss K tightly. That was before the “some” became a “group” hug.

Smiles and everything was exchanged. Yet Dee still felt something eating away at him.

‘Hey Dee-Dude. You alright?’ Sontania asked gently as she possibly could. Her face holding no warmth but her voice showed obvious concern.

Dee groaned and ruffled his hair a little bit before speaking monotone as possible. To convey his fear wasn’t eating away. To hide that his mind wouldn’t stop.

“I’m fine. Just exhausted. From the studying and the big day. You know? Adrenaline.”

Tania’ nodded and left him alone. Giving him a reassuring pat on the back before joining Boris and Nikolai.

Dee walked a bit further away from back stage. He didn’t have the energy to confront his family. He took a short walk and just stayed in his thoughts. He eventually made it somewhere distant enough, and took a seat, looking down at his hands and twiddling them. Anything to keep his mind occupied. His once bored expression— replaced with a slight look of anxiety. He was alone. He felt alone.

That was until he felt a warmth of heat radiated next to him. He turned his head slightly and that’s when he saw gorgeous, long, black hair. Not to mention , a specific, trademarked, shade of red.

‘You alright?’

Dee just shrugs and look away. Lif frowns and gently tilts her head towards her against. Her hand resting on his cheek.

‘Talk to me, please?’

Dee nuzzled closer in the warmth of her hand and spoke with a tenderness, she couldn’t quite place.

‘I can’t… I can’t go back out there. My family… I…’

He chokes up on his words and Lif could see that. She brought him fully into her arms— into a hug.

Dee closed his eyes and rigidly held her.

‘I’m a talentless musician…’

‘What?’ Her eyebrows furrow and she pulls back slightly. Her facial expression revealing concern and surprise.

‘My father…. I can’t play like him. I remember. I’m… a talentless musician. I’d shame our family.’

‘…’

Lif felt something wet on her hands.

‘Oh Dee…’ she whispers softly like a mother being gentle with her child after they’ve hurt themselves. Better yet, fell off their bike.

Sobs and hiccups came from Dee and he didn’t let go of Lif. He hugged her tighter, and for once there was an unspoken new boundary. A form of vulnerability Dee didn’t know he was capable of. He felt lamentable in his own performance.

Lif simply closed her eyes and held him to the best of her ability. She offered soft, cooing, words of support and tenderness.

It took a few minutes for Dee to calm down, and it did . It was a comfortable silence between them. It took a long time for Dee to finally speak once more.

‘Lif…. I’m so sorry—‘

‘Don’t be!’

‘But now you’re here! You should be with your family… you should be celebrated for your performance. Not… here… pitying me. I don’t need pity.’

‘I don’t pity you. I care for you.’

‘Why…?’

‘Because we’re in…’ she halts and trails off in her wording before a soft sigh came from between her lips. Her eyes drifting to the side for a moment in genuine contemplation before looking back at him.

‘Dee… please understand… we’re friends. I do care for you, whether you believe me or not…’

Her fingers found his and they became interlaced. Fitting like lilies in a flower valley that's too close to each other— yet thriving.

'You're not a talentless musician, and your dad is an asshole for saying that… I think you were perfect.'

She pauses for a second before going a bit more subtle in her town.

'Perhaps… you could teach our kids. You'd be a better teacher and musician…than your father…' she whispers that last part completely.

Dee strained his ears and his face erupted into a blush and his pupils were wide. Lif had his complete attention.

'What?'

'I said— perhaps you could teach me. You're better teacher and musician than your father.' She quickly said with a chuckle. Gas lighting him slightly.

Dee chuckled too for a moment, shaking his head slightly in a psychical tempt.

There was a moment of silence that soon became a bit awkward. But not in a socially awkward way. It was something unspoken between the two. It was like a cat trying to catch a mouse, yet the mouse can see the cat, and the cat's position to attack only hinders it.

They both see each other, but who will catch the other?

Dee looked at Lif with a look that just couldn't be explained into mere words, and more so action.

He leaned a bit closer— just a bit more afraid that if he came any further, the mouse would run away.

But it didn't. She didn't. She came a bit closer, now within reach of the cat's claws.

Neither was sure why this completely happened- or what the true intent was, but they both knew how they feel.

They kept inching closer, and it wasn't until the cat finally caught the mouse. The sharp claws surrounding it in a comforting way— even if it hurt.

Dee locked lips with her. It was shy and inexperienced… but the type of shy that would make you think it's adorable. He tried to be so gentle— but how can you be so gentle if you don't know how sharp your claws really are?

Both of their eyes closed. The mouse and cat accepted their consequences. There's a thin line between love and hate… but either way it went, they'd be back over each other.

She pushed against him, her body trying to get comfortable against his. Her arms wrapping around his neck while his wrapped around her waist.

They broke their kiss, taking in all the air in the room before joining back together. They found a rhythm. A genuine rhythm of actual love and understanding. Not a quick fleeting moment of lust— or a pity kiss. A genuine kiss

Their lips burned. Burned with passion and a seeking of understanding. Their lips fits just like a puzzle. It really does.

Lif is the first to pull away, and they look at each other with adornment. Lif softly giggled and rests her forehead against his.

‘I love you Dee… I love you so much…’

‘Я так сильно тебя люблю... это больно. Ты держишь меня в своих руках, я просто одержим тобой.’

She giggles and kisses him again one last time. This time, being more playful and teasing. He smiled against her lips and they both pulled away in a fit of giggles.

She lets go and he did too. She stood up and held her handout. They were in this together. From the very start they joined this club.

They started together, and now they’re going to finish together.

Just for that moment— the world literally came to a stop. The loud voices in the orchestra hall seemed to become nonexistent— or the orchestra club congratulating each other or talking with their families all seemed to become distant. Just for this moment— the violin realized it wasn’t alone. It couldn’t play alone. The string family was composed of four instruments. The brass family was formed with four instruments too. The violin had many related family members and so on. The violin had support, more than it ever knew.

The violin sounds much better with a piano by its side too.

(FAWK THAT TOOK ME SO LONG. Next chapter is where the ball finally drops, wink wink. Love u guys <3)

Chapter 13: Please don’t stomp all over the violin. Once it’s broken— it’s broken.

Chapter Summary

This is where it gets real.

Xanny - Billie Eilish
Goodbye, My Danish Sweetheart - Mitiski
How to Completely Disappear - Radiohead

Honestly you can end the story on this chapter.
Next chapter is Dee’s thoughts, and you can end there. The last chapters are alternative endings..

‘Hey Lif? There’s something I should mention.’

‘Hm?’

‘I also lied to them about me being here and said it was a chess tournament— and that all of this time I was in the chess club and I never joined orchestra out of fearing of disappointing my father.’ He spoke really fast and concluded with a nervous chuckle.

Lif stared at Dee blankly and just blinked. Not knowing where to start and say.

‘Well shit, Dee. That’s a lot to unpack.’

Dee just gave out more nervous, awkward, laughs, and guided Lif to the open orchestra hall.

When they arrived, everyone was talking with their family and friends. Some of the other community members flooding out or talking to Miss K. It was crowded too— which didn’t make things easier as far as politely trying to move past everyone.

Eventually they made it through, and to be honest, neither could tell if they were looking for their parents… or looking for a way to escape. It didn’t really dawn on them. Just impulsiveness stricken from emotions.

‘Hey, wanna go to the cemetery? I think it’s a good way to relax your nerves.’ Lif offers a reassuring smile. Trying to find a sense of direction.

Dee let out a thoughtful hum and slowly nodded his head. Now it was time to find a way out.

They snuck past more people and tried to keep a low profile. Constantly looking and trying to slip by without causing much scene. They wanted to go unnoticed.

Which ended up being a huge success. They snuck out past back. On Monday they'd collect their instruments. For now, they were pretty sure everyone was leaving them. Sanguinely everyone would assume that they went home with their families or something.

They opened the large metal doors which led to the back parking lot. The moment of tension not unnoticed by the two. As soon as they were free, they looked at each other, and soon erupted into a fit of giggles, finally breathing in some air.

Their laughter eventually died down; and Lif grabbed his hand once more, carefully looking and turning every corner they went. 'Oh cmon Dee…' she smiled and they headed south towards the cemetery.

As they walked, the crisp, chill, sent shivers down Dee's spine. He couldn't help but close his eyes for a moment— letting the environment swallow him whole. His thoughts running free. Similar to an effect of week. Short lived. Blissful. Reckless. Impulsive. But yet, all so beautiful. When Dee opened his eyes, the world around him spat him back out like unchewed mash potato's. The reality coming to hit him once more. He knew that he'd have to talk to his parents eventually. Both of them knew that actually.

But having the secrets? Having personal autonomy. It was thrilling. It made them feel boneless like the spines finally cracked from the pressure and the bones took their own shape.

Dee's feet mindlessly moved with Lif's the air around them silent— not thick. It was comforting in its own way. Dee wondered if this is the peace the dead felt. Every burden, memory, thought, or feeling just erased and gone— replaced with a face of peacefulness. The stillness you finally gain after moving for all your life time. Must be tranquilizing.

They soon made it, and Lif sank to her knees, her fingers finding the familiar lock. She tinkered with it for a bit before it broke off. She quickly grabbed the chain so it wouldn't clash against the metal bars too loudly. She tossed it aside, and climbed through the wall. Dee lowered himself on his knees too and trailed right behind.

Once they were in, they crawled to the biggest bush they knew and they sat behind it. Lif smiling and giggling quietly as possible.

'This was so much fun… you did so good…' she whispers and her fingers found his freckled face. The same one that got flustered once more at her touch. He closed his eyes and sank into her warmth.

'You did amazing as well Lif… I…. It was beautiful… really. I'm not just saying it just say it…'

She smiled and slowly tried to remove her hand, but he quickly grabbed her hand and kept it there. His eyes opening half way— silently begging for her touch.

She came a bit closer and rested against him instead. Her arms wrapped around his neck as she pressed into his side. His hands hesitantly reached— almost as if he was afraid to break something they finally build up. After all the months of playing cat and mouse.

‘It’s okay Dee…’

‘Are you sure…?’

‘Of course, Dummy.’ She grins and his hand found her waist— bringing her in closer. She was so warm for a person that had such cold interest. Of course, this was beneficial since it was chilly. It was late at night. For Russia this was normal during their springtime.

There was a few moments of silence. The only thing you could hear was the leaves brushing against the wind in a harmonized dance. One Mother Nature orchestrated carefully. Similar to how a human would work their instruments.

The silence wasn’t heavy and thick— or an unbearable feeling like his father’s words. No. It was gentle and understanding. Something Dee wish he could keep forever. He closed his eyes. His throat closed too. Everything just began to hurt— including his head.

He couldn’t speak. His throat grew tight. Tighter and more rigid than anything. His eyes burning now. His ears began to get hot, and uncomfortable. He tried to breathe— he really did but he choked up a sob.

That’s when he felt something trickle down his cheek. He was crying. Crying for the first time in months.

Lif looked up and she immediately wore a face of sorrow. Which he didn’t want or need. So he thought.

‘Dee…? What’s wrong…?’ She coos softly and wiped his tears. He shook his head immediately— trying to portray what his mouth couldn’t.

‘I can’t— I’m sorry… I’m so so so sorry…’ he looked down with shame, and Lif immediately sat up…

‘Why are you sorry Dee…?’ She whispered and held his shaky, pale, slender, hand. His fingers felt so rough from constantly holding his bow.

‘I’m sorry for everything I’ve put you through— I’m sorry for crying— I don’t even know what I’m crying for! I’m just… a mess up, Lif. Isn’t that asinine of me?’ Dee sobbed into Lif’s arms now. Holding her tightly. His body shaking.

He felt like a baby, again. Where you just cry and cry. You can’t articulate your words you truly want to— because you don’t know how.

She held onto him tightly and murmured.
‘You’re apologizing for allowing yourself to be vulnerable is what’s asinine. Not the fact that you’re a mess. You’re a beautiful mess.’

She kissed his temple and his sons began to quiet down to a few occasional hiccups. He took deep breaths and soon the two laid in the grass in silence.

‘You know the nice thing about all of this?’

‘What is it?’

‘I get to see your adorable face, and ruined eyeliner.’

He snorted a bit at that, turning his body to face her a bit.

‘Really? That’s what you take from this?’

Lif turned too and grinned.

‘Pretty much, pretty.’

They stared at each other for a moment, just admiring each other. Not wanting this moment to fleet away from them. Who knows the next time they’d be vulnerable like this.

‘Just for the record; we never have to speak of this moment ever again, right?’

‘And just for the record, will I ever see this from you again? I like it when you….. well.. when you try not to act so cool around me, you know? When you’re not impressing me-‘

‘Wha—me— no I’d never—‘

‘Ah- ah…’ she leaned in and kissed him the gently as she could. Gently as she learned. Dee immediately sunk into the kiss. It was obvious it was inexperienced. But after all the overwhelming emotions he felt since the second he picked up that violin— this was the least of his problem.

Lif couldn’t help but to giggle into their kiss, resulting in them pulling away. It was so uncoordinated and sloppy it was… messy, to say the least.

Dee chuckled and laid against her.

Lif grabbed his phone and checked the time. They’ve been her for so long it was starting to push 10. She sighed softly. Orchestra ended at maybe 8:30 ish? So now it was time to head home. By now their families are worried: which both of them dreaded explaining.

Lif sighed and slipped his phone back into his pocket. ‘Cmon Dee-Dee, it’s almost 10. Out anymore later, and we’re going to be on milk cartoons.’ She chuckled, and stood up first, helping Dee up. Their fingers remaining interlocked- but not tightly. Very loosely.

‘Hey.. thanks for bringing me out here. I needed it.’

‘Don’t mention it. We both needed the air; right? She smiles warmly, and they both snuck out using the small hole in the fence. Lif stayed and locked it back up, and stood up as they walked.

They headed back to the bustling, busy town. The lights bright ahead. Especially since it was Friday and they heading into the weekend. Lif hummed as her and Dee changed their hand holding postion to now arms interlocked.

Lif's heels clanking against the lightly littered streets. The two, as a couple, were adorable really. Although, they weren't officially that. That was a conversation they'd have another day. It was obvious they were taken. They just didn't tell anyone yet .
Why? They weren't sure.

They talked mindlessly about a teacher Lif called a cunt at the beginning of the school year, and some other things that pertain to their classmates. It was interesting to say the least.

Right now they were heading to grab a quick bite, and then go home. That was the plan.

They stopped at a traffic light, and clicked the button. Waiting for it. They didn't stand too close to the curb for safety purposes. The streets bustling. Filled with the smell of abandoned alcohol bottles. Oh how little they knew.

Lif hummed softly before looking up at Dee. 'Hey Dee? What if I was a lump or pile of dirt? Would you still love me?'

'What type of question is that? Of course I would! I'd worship you more if you're a lump/ pile of dirt!' They both giggled and the light changed.

They walked across the street, talking. Not paying much attention. They had the right away to walk. That was until a blare of lights flashed upon their bodies and Lif's eyes widened. A flash of light— an inhumane inevitable speed coming towards the pair. Both of their heads turned, and everything happened too quickly.

'DEE!!! NO-!'

That's all he heard before he felt a sharp pain—that lasted for a second. Before everything turned black.

Chapter 14: Once you lift the top off of the violin— there's nothing inside of it.

Chapter Summary

Tears over Bears - Modern Baseball
Class of 2013 - Mitiski

"I need a IV Tube prepped— Stat!"

"Patient appears to be sixteen year old, Male."

"We've got a Level 1, high alert coming in three minutes!"

"Patient seems to be unstable and there is no pulse!!"

"WE NEED A NUERO SURGEON AND TRAUMA SURGEON STAT!"

"Page Doctor Stacy Rostov— and Doctor Benny Bolkovich!"

After that, all of those shouts, I couldn't help but lull myself back into a deep relaxing state. Everything blank— dark, and strangely peaceful. It felt like an out of body experience.

'Is that all you truly remember?'

‘Uh— well I did hear that— but before that, Lif, she called my name. But then… everything went blank.’

‘Oh. Alright. Who is this Lif girl, exactly. What does she mean to you? Tell me about her.’

‘She’s cool— really! She’s a nice girl. She has this gothic aura around her. Owns a few tarantulas too— isn’t that pretty cool? She’s got good humor too. Although, she does struggle with this rare disorder called apophenia. Doesn’t bother me any though. I… I think I might love her? Maybe it’s too early to decide. I think she’s a keeper.’

‘Alright, that sounds fair. Could you tell me more about your family? Are they kind? Do they treat you well?’

‘Yeah, they treat me fairly enough. The town calls us weirdos but that’s alright. I guess I should start with my brother, Heavy. He has red hair like our mom. He can be bright and bubbly like a star, I guess. I’m not sure, but for some reason I feel sentimental towards him.

‘I guess that leads me to my mom. Victoria. Although pa and everyone else calls her Vicky. She’s tougher than rocks. She’s a biker too. Has a grip that could kill ya… if she really wanted to. Quick tempered, but very loving. She may be hard as rock— but she can be loving to the point it hurts. If I dare say— I might’ve inherited her emotional turmoil to heart…’

‘Heavy is more chill like dad. I’m more like mom personality wise. Although the intelligence varies.’

‘Uh… I guess that leaves my dad. He’s alright. He always has a mechanical smile plastered on his lips. He cooks most of the time. He has good cooking… for his job? Oh well.. he teaches instruments I guess. I never bothered to truly ask.’

“You do seem to care for them. Deeply. You’ve provided adequate answers; but how do they make you feel?”

‘I mean… they don’t make me feel terrible. Sure dad’s words sting a bit—‘

“Give me an example.”

‘I… I guess the time I tried learning the guitar; having him teach me… but I guess I wasn’t adept enough.. and he told me I’d be a worthless musician. Talentless. Bringing the family shame.’

“How’d that make you feel?”

‘…’

“Moving onto my next question, how does the rest make you feel?”

‘Lif makes me feel like a hopeless fool in the best way possible. She validates my feelings and see me as a whole. We’ve grown close. She makes me feel important and human. Heavy? He irritates me sometimes, but that’s what siblings do. Mom? She can be intimidating but i don’t really… think of her much I guess? I suppose I’ve focused on Lif more than anything. My fault really. That’s a bit foolish, yeah?’

“I suppose. Putting your complete attention on a girl? I guess that’s okay. You’re only a teenager, Dee. Everyone needs love, right?”

‘Right.’

“That leads me to my next question. Dee, how do you feel physically?”

‘Relaxed… boneless? I can’t explain it. I feel like I don’t have to move an inch. I don’t really… feel like I’m on fight or flight, you know? I feel superhuman just about. I’ve never

felt so…’

“Serene?”

‘Yeah! That.’

“Alright. What do you wish to do now? Anything you wanna talk about?”

‘No… I guess not. I don’t have much to talk about.’

“Tell me about the violin.”

‘Oh! Uh… it’s a fun instrument. I enjoy playing my instrument with Lif. She plays the piano. It’s sweet, it really is. It can really relax your nerves. The violin… it’s not complicate it. You honestly have to let your instrument choose you, ya know? You are given strings, but how decided to work it— how you play the music is entirely to you.’

‘Now I think about it, why do I feel so comfortable talking to you? I don’t see anything. Furthermore, feel. I just hear you.’

“Dee, that’s because you’re talking to yourself.”

‘What?’

“You have a false understanding right now. There are two versions of yourself. Your physically body that hasn’t ceased to decay ***yet***— and then you have your soul. Those are the two versions of yourself. The outer layer and the inner layer. However you wish to think of it, really.”

‘Oh? So… are you my soul? Then what does that make me?’

“You are the real soul. I am the false soul to accompany you. The half of you , you never knew existed. You have the experience meanwhile I only have the story of your life.”

‘I thought you said there are only two versions of me. Also, why ask me these questions, if you already seen it?’

“To see what your soul remembers more so than the outer shell of your body. Your memories are just as much as mine— but our understandings vary. The true, thrilling experience varies. I am your emotional part of your soul. Don’t you see that? I am the one who feels what you feel. But you? You are the living proof. You are the one who lived it. I am the one that feels it. Who remembers the feeling and not the true action.’

‘Oh. So where am I now?’

“Trapped inside your physical body.”

‘But I don’t feel my physical body.’

“Because that version of you just isn’t quite ready. If it were, you’d cease to be.”

‘Cease to be— why isn’t it ready? Just what are you on about?’

“I don’t have the answer to that. I am the false soul. You are the real soul. Only you know.”

‘Oh. So now what…?’

“How do you think they feel?”

‘How… who feels…?’

“Your family? Your friends?”

‘Oh… uh… I’m not sure.’

“Well that isn’t an adequate or fitting answer, now is it? Dee, you must tell me. Can’t you tell me?”

‘I’m trying.’

“…”

“Dee, how do you feel. Emotionally.”

‘Stuck. Like I’m in this state I can’t get out of. Is this sleep paralysis?’

“Similarly. Good observation. We’re sharper than we think. Hm. But to answer your question… yes. This is similar to sleep paralysis. But this is called a coma. When you wake up, you won’t remember this. That is, if I decide to let you go.”

‘What do you mean if you decide?’

“Well you aren’t ready physically, but are you ready emotionally? Both psyche’s depends on each other. You’ve got lucky to be stuck here in your thoughts. Most people are in a quiet limbo.”

‘Oh… well thanks?’

“Now Dee, please. Really tell me, how do you feel?”

‘I feel sad’

“Why do you feel sad?”

‘I dunno. I have good friends-‘

“Friends”

‘I have one good friend. But sometimes; I feel like I weigh her down. Then I feel scanty in my ability to make friends like Heavy does. It comes easy to him. Then there is just me.’

“What else makes you sad?”

‘I guess being substandard in playing the guitar? The reason I even played the violin is because I couldn’t play the guitar. I’m a disappointment to my family. Once again, Heavy is our parent’s star.’

“Doesn’t seem like they deserve you. Do you wanna stay a bit longer? With me? We can keep each other company. I won’t toss you aside. I’ll even wash your back. I’ll listen. I’ll take away your pain.”

‘I would like that.’

Chapter 15: What happened before we took the surface off the violin?

Chapter Summary

> This chapter and the next will be the sad chapters,
>
> BUT you can read this so the happy AU makes sense. Just stop when the doctor come in and talks to them.

Lif was covered in blood, and she couldn't stop sobbing on the street. The once neat skirt, was now folded, crinkled, and covered in her lover's blood.

"SOMEONE HELP ME! SOMEONE HELP HIM— DEE! oh my gosh!"

Her voice shaky and breaking into sobs. She shakily held his body— it was a terrible sight. His organs splattered on the ground. She was gonna be sick.

People were surrounding them, and everyone outside of every establishment was surrounding them. Some people rushing forward and not knowing what to do but bombarde Lif with questions.

The driver— who was drunk— finally had the realization. Their car stopped and park in the middle. Traffic began stopping up. Sirens were heard in the distance.

Lif's mind was scrambled. She was left with the last thing Dee left her with. It wasn't the kisses or the epitomes they shared tonight. It was the newfound trauma. Lif was broken the second she saw the light. The second she felt his blood splatter on her. The second he pushed her away— to save her. It was her fault.

Everything felt slow, painful, intangible, and most importantly, numbing.

———————————————————————————-

When they got in the ambulance, Lif was just shattered. They were taking her too since she formulated a bruise or two. Not to mention, when they arrive; the police would be there to question her.

She felt like she was gonna be sick.

His rib bone was poking out, his stomach wasn't even a stomach anymore. It was just a sight of organs spilling out. He looked unrecognizable from head to do.

The blood spattering on her, the car— the sheer speed was just… too much.

Lif only sat there. Numb. The sirens, the bright lights, the paramedics working quickly around them— just didn't feel real. Lif took one breath- one she didn't know she needed so much. She felt like she was gonna be sick. Like she was going to die herself. Perhaps it would've been better if they died together. It didn't take long for her to see blood scatter the vehicle walls. Or organs surround her lap.

She closed her eyes and just.. passed out. She couldn't do it anymore.

———————————————————————————-

It was 10:23, and Dee's family were getting anxious. They couldn't find him to greet him after the orchestra— just how many more things were Dee going to hide to them? To hide FROM them?

Victoria paced anxiously, and Glam tried finding Dee's location but his phone only shows at their home. Heavy watched his parents slowly spiral, and to be frank, he was a sad.

Why hadn't Dee been talking to him? Why hadn't Dee trusted heavy? Heavy thought him and Dee were close enough for some sort of trust. Guess that was a form of Dee's intelligence playing a joke.

For once, Heavy closed his eyes and prayed to God. He knows Dee found religion to provide false home, and Heavy did think that too for the most part. But he needed hope.

Auntie Anna and Uncle Chess was there. Trying to give comfort and provide some stability in the family but everything was just falling apart.

It wasn't until the phone rang. Anna snatched it off the wall, and answered it.

"Shavgenbagen residence who is this—"

Anna fell completely silent and her face changed to horror, and for once in her lifetime she felt her heart drop. She felt her heart actually hurt— she felt actual feelings towards her adoptive nephew. The phone hung up and Anna was left speechless and her face changed to something Heavy never seen. Solemn and utter loss.

"Well?! Who the hell was it? Was it Dee?!" Victoria asked in a pained but harsh voice. She needed to know. Anna sighed and looked at Victoria.

"It was the hospital. They have Dee. And his friend, Lif. She's there. But, only he's In critical condition."

Just like that, the Shavagenbagen family household stopped, even Uncle Ches. Everything just stopped and Heavy's heart dropped. It was a pain he just never felt.

Everyone rushed to the car. It was stress. The ride was quiet. Vicky was obviously shaken beyond extent. Heavy couldn't stop shaking. It was so bad auntie Anna held him. Held him the tightest and lovingly she could. The type of grasp she was only ever taught.

It didn't take long for them to arrive at the hospital and rush inside. They asked to see Dee and the lady told them they'd have to wait. He's in surgery.

They turned and saw Lif sitting. Waiting for her parents to pick her up, and Lif looked horrible. Blood was still stuck in her hair. They cleaned her up fairly. She had some gauze around her bruised hand. She even looked soulless.

Glam approach the young lady gently.

"Lif…? What happened?" He whispered and as soon as he asked she broke down into sobs. She couldn't stop. She gave him the tightest hug and apologized.

All of their hearts even broke more. She took one deep breath and spoke in a quiet voice one could miss it.

"The light— it gave us the go to walk— to cross the street. We looked both ways… we followed the law. But then a car came. A car going 200 miles per hour came. Dee pushed me out the way.. hence the bruises. Before I could react, or do anything… he was— Dee is— oh God…"

She broke down again and the family was still. No one knew what to say or do.

"Is that… his… blood in your hair.."

Lif couldn't say anything and slowly nodded her head yeah. This was too much for them to bare.

So they stayed. And waited for hours. Glam tried to convince Heavy to go home with either Auntie Anna or Uncle Ches… but Heavy wanted to be the first one to see his big brother. Safe and healthy. Right?

The surgery took eight hours and 23 minutes.

The doctor came out. Everyone looked up with a bit of hope. There was a moment of silence before the words came. The words they never wanted to hear.

“Im… so sorry. The surgery… everything we did… it was futile. I’m so sorry. You all may see him, if you’d like. He’s in room D2352.”

Vicky broke into sobs and couldn’t stop shaking crying into her husband. Who just was frozen and the grief was written on his face. Heavy stood still and leaned into his auntie Anna. Ches kept his head down and face buried in his hands.

Lif sat there, thinking about everything she could’ve done. It was her fault. She played every single possible different thing that could’ve prevented this. They should’ve went home. But they didn’t. She couldn’t— she couldn’t live with herself after today.

The drunk driver gave his condolences, and so did the police men. Everything was a mess.

Everyone one by one went to go see Dee.

Chapter 16: The Violin Cannot Hear Your Last Words

Chapter Summary

(SAD AU)
Everyone's reaction.

Lif

Her eyes scanned what was left of her lover. She immediately leaned down and sobbed. Holding him gently. For the last time.

"I'm so sorry, my love. I'm so so sorry. I'm so so sorry my love…"

She kissed his forehead and couldn't bear to move. She rested her forehead against his, muttering soft apologies. And what life would've been like if they had children. If they grew old together. If they got their careers.

If they played their instruments for one last time.

Heavy

Heavy didn't have the heart to step any closer. He stayed a few feet away from his

Brother's corpse.

“Dee? Everyone out there is a wreck! You know that right? I… I’m sorry… for everything. Why didn’t you tell me? What am I going to do? I…”

Heavy broke into uncontrollable sobs and ran back outside to his auntie and uncle. The grief too much to bear. He couldn’t look at Dee in that state.

———————————————————————-

Glam

He entered the room quietly and for once, his face was filled with grief and sorrow. He grabbed a chair and sat next to Dee. His voice below a whisper.

“Dee… just… why hadn’t you talked to us? Why didn’t you tell us you played? You… you’re perfect at playing the violin. I saw you perform. I’m so proud of you Dee. But why… just why..?”

Glam couldn’t talk anymore and broke into sobs. He closed his eyes and held his son’s mangled hands gently. Tears spilling down. He was filled with regret and longing.

———————————————————————-

Victoria

She practically kicked down the door and came to her son’s mangled body. Her voice in sobs.

“My baby— my precious son…I—“

She broke into sobs and with a sudden flash of anger broke the wall, breaking down and sinking to her knees next to her son. Sobbing. Her baby boy… gone forever.

Dee never knew how much they truly cared for him.

Chapter 17: The violin’s family finally understands it.

Chapter Summary

> Happy AU hehehe. I would never leave you guys that depressed. (Would I)?
>
> Anyways this concludes our story and time together, furthermore Dee and Lif’s journey in growth, friendship, and emotional baggage as teens.

“So that’s your whole story?”

‘Pretty much.’

“Alright. Do you hear that Dee?”

‘Hear what?’

“Your family? Your girlfriend? I think they wanna see you. Hear you. Know you’re okay. I think you’re ready.”

‘You think so?’

“I know so. I won’t keep you any longer. I don’t think you need my comfort. Right now, you need theirs.”

‘But I like it with you.’

“But if we become one, you’ll cease to be.”

‘What do you me—“

“This might hurt.”

Dee felt a throbbing pain immediately shot through his whole body. A form of light in the far distance.

The pain was so unbearable that he swam towards the light. It felt so far away— but yet so far— and the pain was immense.

It hurt. It felt like his body was burning beyond what fire could offer. It felt like utter hell.

He touched the light and that’s when the pain became excruciating. He screamed before he felt a blare of lights and a pain around him.

He groaned, and immediately felt woozy. He saw faint lights. Blinding fluorescent lights. It was so bright he thought he may have been in heaven. The room burned his nose with the aseptic and sterile smell it carried. Mainly consisting of alcohol.

His body felt cool and no longer on fire. He opened his eyes a bit more and he saw faint hues of red, black, blonde, and brown. Everything was so loud around him.

There was a constant beeping in his ear thought. It was dull.

His eyes prodded a bit further and they were fully opened. His eyes widening when he saw him family. The tears and the hugs he received was overbearing.

His eyes went back to being dull once he realized what was going on and happening. Lif was on his left, hugging him tightly and sprawled against him practically. Victoria gave her son a tight hug on the right, heavy on Dee's lap, wrapping his arms around his brother's torso, afraid to let him go ever again— in fear of him never being able to hold Dee ever again. Glam gave Vicky, Heavy, Lif, and Dee, the tightest hug he could manage. Everyone crying and sobbing.

"Ow! Ow ow—" Dee hissed at all the smothering he was receiving and everyone backed off. They cleaned their faces and shook their heads.

"You scared us, Dee! Please— don't put us through this torture ever again…" Glam's tone was so serious but so scared— so broken. He's never seen his father like this. He's never seen his father so scared and heartbroken ever.

"Dee— you son of a bitch do you know how pissed I am at you? I know I told you to go out with a bang but not that type of go out or bang!" Vicky wasn't mad at her baby. Never was. She tried to sound mad but failed miserable. She was hurt too and overjoyed he was okay. She sniffled and wiped her tears away.

Dee's blue eyes were blank and everyone surrounded Dee with love. He felt tired. And in pain. But not the terrible pain he felt waking up.

Although he did know what he felt in this moment.

"I'm hungry."

That's all he said and everyone stared. Dee lazily reached for the phone and began calling in a pizza. It was so abrupt.

“Hi, I’d like a pepperoni pizza. Yeah. Make it a large. And give me two bone in well done wings too. Alright. Hm. Drop it off to a tall blonde guy with makeup infront of Bolotov hospital. Okay. Thanks. Bye bye.”

He puts the phone down and laid down: he was too tired.

Everyone stared and it was just silent. Mouths were dropped indeed.

“Uhm hello!? That’s the type of greeting we get?!”

“Vicky, I think he’s on those drugs since they did surgery on him.

“Oh—“

“Speaking of, Dee, you can’t eat.”

Dee groaned and woozily reached out.

“Mama, hold meeeeeh” his speech was slowed and slurred. Vicky awkwardly came up and held her son. Just like that he fell asleep against his ma.

It was a slow recovery, but Dee was left gifts. Tons of them. Most being from the orchestra—a lot from neighbors and classmates. It was nice really. His room was adorned with flowers, balloons, pictures, and gifts in general. The room was flooded.

Dee was discharged within two months. So most of his summer break was spent recovering. (Given how is organs were literally squashed out of his body).

Dee needed to use a wheelchair for now until he could learn how to walk again. It was definitely going to take time.

His family came and so did Lif to help him pack him. Of course, Glam arrived first while the others were at the trunk loading it up.

“Dee? May I speak to you?”

“Yeah?” He turned around in his wheelchair and faced his father. His face filled with curiosity.

“You were… amazing playing the violin. At the concert. I didn’t know you… were playing or sneaking being in the orchestra club.”

Dee’s face flushed with embarrassment and he looked down.

“Oh yeah…. Uh thanks.”

“Dee?”

“Yeah..” he look up and frowned.

“You don’t ever have to lie to me— and I do want to apologize what I said about your talent. I…I wasn’t patient enough and I should’ve taken into consideration how you felt. I’m happy you still pursued given the circumstance.”

Dee smiled and looked up.

“Thanks Pa… and really it’s fine. I guess it’s what pushed me to do it anyway. So not all was lost from it.”

“It’s not fine. But we can only take it was a learning experience right? I’m happy you grew from it, Dee. But I think everyone is waiting in the car— and do tell! What is it about you and Lif?”

Dee’s face flushed and he covered his face in embarrassment.

“Oh gosh pa… not this again…”

The violin’s family finally understood it.

Thank you to everyone who stuck on this adventure! I believe I started this in February lol! A lot has happened since then and I'm glad you all enjoyed the story. This adventure was fun, and it's actually thanks to all of you who left kudos, picked this up, and commented to make me pursue writing and finish this.

(p.s, you may adopt this story or adapt it however you'd like. Even make a TikTok about it, hell. Hehe bye bye).

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